BY WHOSE HAND? A SERIAL OF MYSTERY AND LOVE BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE ON PAGE 8

CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVI. NO. 20. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1918. 5 CENTS A COPY.

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Even now there are many in the United States who do not yet realize we are in the midst of a life or death struggle in which we can no longer content ourselves with talking of "doing our bit" but must do our all.

"If I could end this war by giving my life I would gladly say: 'Take it today.'" The father of one of our boys fighting in France said that, and I know he meant it. That is the spirit of our sons who are making the supreme sacrifice at the front, and when we collectively get that spirit we will win.

We have got to get into the frame of mind where we will be willing to sacrifice everything to win the war. All of France has that spirit. All of the British, if not all of the Irish, have it. The people of Italy have it now. The war cannot be won without it.

Next to our boys who are giving their lives for us, our women folk are making the greatest sacrifices today. Women are braver than men, more determined, more capable of sacrificing. While the men go about their work with many things to occupy their attention, the women have but one thought in mind and heart—their loved ones and the loved ones of others, who are offering their all "Over There" for their country; and all day long the women, young and old, are working quietly and bravely, with mouths set and with minds intent on doing everything possible to help win the war and bring the boys back home. None can do more for her country than she who gives husband or son to the colors and takes the place of the absent one in working to support the family. There are many such cases. And there are many other women who, having no son or husband in the service, feel that is all the more reason that they should give themselves to the common cause. Whether in the office, in the industries or in the home, knitting comforts, rolling bandages, cutting surgical dressings, soothing the hurts of those who are maimed, working in the garden, saving food in the kitchen, driving motor cars, selling Liberty Bonds, filling the places of breadwinners called into the service—whatever the task of the woman may be, it is done with courage, without complaint and without thought of self. And that is the spirit we all must have in order to win. In this day when we must do our all we may well say: Give us the strength of our women!—W. D. Boyce's Talks in The Saturday Blade.

The Editor Has His Say Here

WE GOT a nasty letter this week from a man who didn't have the courage to sign his name. He kicked vehemently on some of the war articles which we have run in the Ledger because, he said, they were lies—a part of Allied propaganda against Germany. He declared that he was a loyal American but that he was a fair-minded man and that he thought it was not fair to accuse Germany of cruelty to her prisoners of war. If he had not hidden behind anonymity, by this time he would be trying to explain to some of Uncle Sam's secret service men just how he can claim to be a loyal American and still stand up for Germany in any way. Moreover, his "defense" of Germany is false. The things that have been published in the Ledger on Germany's treatment of captives are true and every day revelations are being made that show that Germany has not changed her policy toward those unfortunate enough to fall into her hands and that Americans now are being made the victims of the unspeakable hate which Germany early in the war visited on her British prisoners.

NOW, just for good measure and in order to make this pro-German rave again if he has the nerve to open his mouth any more, we are going to give you in a near number an article made up of official documents, in which former prisoners of the Germans, who have been exchanged, tell under oath of the treatment they received at the hands of the Huns. It will be a long, long time before the world gets over the wrath which Germany has stirred up and, terrible as these things may seem to us now, they do not begin to tell the story of what has happened in Germany during this war. Only when peace has been declared and the facts are known will we be able to realize of just what the Kaiser and his men are capable. And not only the German soldier is a party to this. Civilians, even women in the garb of the Red Cross, are as guilty of cruelty as are the troops.

GETTING around to the next issue of the Ledger, it will contain some very interesting stories. Starting in that number will be a new serial called "The Blood of Montezuma." Those familiar with history will recall that Montezuma was king of the once mighty race of Aztecs in Mexico, the richest of all the barbarian tribes and the proudest. Treachery betrayed them into the hands of Spanish adventurers and the tribe was virtually wiped out. Those who boast Aztec blood believe that some day they will come back into their own and that they will be ruled by a king of their blood again. It is around this belief that the story was written. Strange things happen and a mystery that is puzzling keeps up the interest to the fever pitch thruout.

IF THERE is one thing which delights an editor more than anything else it is to find a writer who has suddenly discovered himself or herself after years of trying and begins to submit the kind of stories that grip you, because you feel that they are true, that the author knows what he or she is writing about. Which is preliminary to a compliment to an author from whom we have bought three stories. Flora A. Monty is the writer we mean and we hope that you like her stories as well as we do. This is not her first appearance in the Ledger and we hope it will not be her last. The first of the trio is entitled "Jim's Girl Makes a Sacrifice" and it will appear in the Ledger next week. The others will follow in future numbers.

THEN we have another short story which is written in a quaint, humorous style which we believe will prove taking. It is called "A Brother to Adventure" and it is a good story and well told. We are not going to tell you much about it because it might spoil it for you. Suffice it to say that a valuable bracelet, two dare-devil men and a girl are the principal characters. Another of the stories of Christopher Poe, the banker-detective, also will appear next week. It is called "A Baffling Blow" and those who have read the others will turn to this one in the knowledge that they are going to be interested.

NOW comes a clever story under the title "The Irony of Fate." It is that of a woman who suddenly finds herself confronted by a tremendous crisis. Disgrace hovers on the horizon, disgrace and prison for the man she had married. Did she love him? Well, it is hard to tell, for even the most ardent of love can be turned to scorn or hate. But in her hands rested the power to save him. It involved a great deal for her, perhaps the most that a woman can give up. And she—— You will find out when the story ends.

THERE are other short stories which we hope to publish next week, but whether they will be in the next number or in future ones we cannot say now. If we started out to tell you about all the good ones we have on hand the space allotted us on this page would not begin to be enough. Sometimes we wonder if it is really worth while to tell you in advance of what the next number will contain. During the many years in which it has been published the Ledger has been so uniformly good that our readers tell us they always know they will be entertained. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," the old proverb says, and the proof of a magazine's popularity is the length of time its readers stay with it. We wonder who has been reading the Ledger the longest. Several have written to claim constant reading of more than fifteen years and one or two say twenty. Can any of you beat it?

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Every Week

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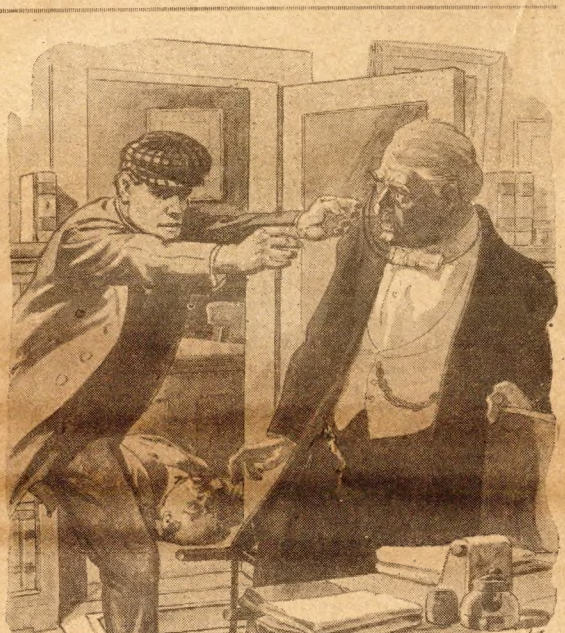
In the Scales of Justice

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

By Augustin W. Breeden

Read this story of Curly Mayo, who took upon himself the role of avenger for a great wrong and you will know why Justice always is pictured as blind.



"If You Want to Pray, Pray Fast."

AS THE big steamship steamed with slow-appearing swiftness past the flat Jersey shores and raised the distant sky-scrapers of Manhattan, Curly Marlo came up from below along with the other steerage passengers, who swarmed up from below like rats out of a hole and stood staring and blinking in the brilliant sunshine.

"Britisher" was writ large all over Curly—in his blue eyes and the whorl of flat yellow ringlets that escaped from his cap all round, in the breadth of his shoulders, in the length and sturdiness of his limbs and the slight heaviness and dullness of his honest face. Upon this British face was not a look of eager expectancy such as one would have thought to see on the face of a young and healthy emigrant about to set foot in the land of freedom and opportunity; rather a look of stolid despair mingled with something ugly and sinister but somehow hard to define.

Three hours later when Curly passed thru the inspection offices at Ellis Island, pausing long enough to exhibit the small sum necessary to permit him to enter the country, the kindly faced inspection officer remarked to an assistant: "A fine type of Britisher that—the kind of new citizen this country needs."

But not so thought the crafty plain clothes man who stood near the ferry landing and watched the stream of European wheat and chaff pour into the hoppers of Manhattan.

"I've piped that mug before," ran his thoughts as he eyed Curly. "Come with me," he said aloud, laying his right hand on Curly's shoulder, while with his left he turned the lapel of his coat and displayed a badge.

Curly was detained at a police station for twenty-four hours—long enough for the watch dogs of the city to establish the fact that this was not his first visit to America and to extract from him the twenty-five dollars he had brought with him. Then he was set adrift with a warning to walk the straight and narrow path.

Curly begged thirty cents from three East Side bakers, telling them a true story of having been robbed by the police. Then he crossed to the Jersey shore, walked to Elizabeth, and that night stole a ride on the rods of a freight train from Elizabeth to the South Bethlehem railroad yards, and the next night "topped a flier" into Wilkes-Barre. Thus, stealing his rides on trains and begging his food at back doors, he made his way at last into a most picturesque section of the Middle West—a rich, lazy, prosperous, fat country. This region had always somehow reminded Curly of his old English home country—a country he had learned as a child to think of as a standard by which to judge all the world. It was this likeness that had caused the Britisher to tarry here four years before.

For three days and nights Curly "jungled up" in a camp where the railroad skirted the shores of Pigeon Creek, a mile or two outside the sleepy little town of Gentryville—old and comatose and self-satisfied. On the fourth morning of his encampment it poured rain, heavy and steady. This was the kind of day he had been waiting for. He trudged into town thru the rain and brought up before the old red-brick, vine-clad courthouse near the little old red-brick, vine-clad jail. Curly quickly crossed the courthouse square to where a weather-beaten signboard swung before one of those deserted store buildings.

"Groom & Conklin. Attorneys at Law," read the sign. Curly spat in the mud of the street as he approached the door and opened it without knocking.

"Good morning, sir." A little pudgy man with a red face and with features and expression not unlike those of a bull terrier rose nimbly to his feet and started to thrust out his hand. Then he saw who his visitor was and his face went suddenly white.

"What—Marlo—you——" he began to stammer. The hands of the big Britisher closed about his throat. The little man struggled and struck out wildly like a kitten held in the grip of a cruel child. The struggle was soon over. In five minutes the lawyer—Groom it was—lay dead in the back room beyond a door marked "Private."

Curly sorted out a key from a ring he had taken off the dead man and opened the uppermost right-hand drawer of a roll-top desk in the outer office. From the drawer he took a Colt automatic and slipped it into his pocket. Then he was overtaken with a fit of violent shivering and crouched over the office stove trying to dry his sodden clothes while he waited. The 10 o'clock passenger whistled for the station, thundered in, stopped, coughed heavily in pulling out, whistled again and sped away, its lessening noise swallowed up by the noise of the rain.

"Everything's goin' on, just like it always did," mused Curly.

He heard another step on the plank walk, a dignified step, the step of a man no longer young.

"Conklin," he whispered to himself and tiptoed into the private office, leaving the door partly ajar. The next minute a tall, slightly stooped man with a benign, fatherly countenance and snowy hair appeared in the outer doorway.

"Hey, Groom," he called without coming farther in, "guess I'll mosey on home this morning—nothing doing here, and Nellie came home from college on that train a while ago, and I've got—Hello!" as he caught sight of Curly's face.

Curly stepped into the middle of the outer office, and the old lawyer, his face white, moved swiftly toward the roll-top desk, reaching behind him with an outstretched left hand toward the drawer where the pistol had been.

"It's not there!" said Curly tensely. Then, "If you want to pray, pray fast!"

The old lawyer, still on the alert, threw himself on guard. He maneuvered to get a small table, which stood in the room, between him and his enemy. But Curly was too quick and too strong for him. As they struggled a parcel fell from beneath the old lawyer's arm, and Curly read upon it in Conklin's well-known and hated handwriting: To Nellie from Dad with——. Then a flying foot sent the parcel scuttling into a corner of the room. The front office door was half open and Curly noted in the midst of his struggle with the strong old man that the rain was still pouring.

Ten minutes later Curly Marlo lurched across the space from the law office to the courthouse, burst into the sheriff's office and broke up a game of checkers by saying: "I've just killed Groom and Conklin! Lock me up! I'm ready to pay!"

* * * * * *

There was great excitement in Gentryville and so much talk of lynching that twenty-four hours after the double killing the prisoner was spirited away to the State penitentiary for safe keeping till his case could be disposed of. Three weeks later court was convened for a special mid-summer session, and Hugh Griggs, a young attorney just admitted to the bar, was appointed to represent the prisoner, who stated that he had a long confession to make and wished it to be written up in correct form. On the morning that Marlo's case was called young Griggs came into the courtroom with a thick typed manuscript in his hand. As a case of confession, the trial was not to be had before a jury, but before the judge. However, the prosecuting attorney, a middle-aged fighting politician with the head and face of a mastiff, was very much in evidence; and the widows of the two deceased lawyers had employed a second attorney to assist him to see that full punishment was meted out and the memory of their dead fully protected. The widows sat inside the bar, tearful of course; and Nellie Conklin sat near her mother—a beautiful, frail girl. Also inside the bar, but merely as a spectator, sat Colonel Atterbury, a white-haired veteran of the law, kindly faced and very dignified of speech and motion, political rival of Judge Hollis, the trial judge, and the very opposite of him in every respect—a leader of clean minorities in county and State politics.

The judge, a man with shifty eyes and a shrewd, clean-shaven Yankee face, called the courtroom to order.

Marlo, stony-faced and resolute, sat before the bar. His features were a little pale, a little drawn; otherwise he was the same fine type of Britisher that had passed thru the gates at Ellis Island.

"May it please your honor," said Griggs when his turn came to speak, "the defendant has dictated his confession to me and I now beg permission to read it to the court."

"The paper is certainly long for a mere confession," said Judge Hollis. Hollis was a personal and political friend of both the dead lawyers; besides, he read clearly the feeling of that mob of angry citizens that filled the courtroom, and public opinion always had been Judge Hollis' oracle and argus.

"May it please your honor, the confession which I hold in my hand has been condensed into the fewest words in which the story can be told. At least, I have condensed it all I can—a man of more ability might have put it more succinctly."

"Very well, proceed; but remember the time of this court is valuable and must not be consumed with any sort of elaborate fooling."

The young attorney began to read and the crowd sat on the edge of the benches, breathless, hunting—as always—for a sensation and ready—as always—to make a hostile demonstration.

"I, James Henry Marlo, am thirty-three years old. I was born in the village of Hixon, Oxfordshire, England, of common parentage. I am a baker and was taught the trade by my father, who had it from my grandfather. I came to America ten years ago to follow my trade. My old father and mother back in England were poor, and there was a mortgage of ninety pounds on our home in Hixon, put there at the time my two sisters lay ill so long and died. I came to America to earn the money to lift the mortgage and to keep my parents out of the poorhouse. The first two years I worked in America I paid off the mortgage, and after that I sent my parents about two hundred dollars every year. I did not marry because I felt I owed my first duty to my father and mother."

"Please, y'ronner," interrupted the State's attorney. It seems to me that all these details are unnecessary and beside the point."

"May it please your honor," defended Griggs, "it is very necessary to put them all in, tho as I said before, an abler man might put it all in fewer words."

"Well, read on," snapped the judge.

At the interruption Marlo had risen half out of his chair and his face had gone a shade whiter. Griggs continued:

"In America I learned to drink beer and whisky. At home I had drank nothing at all, because my parents were dissenters and their religion forbids the use of strong drink. When I got a drink or two of whisky I rarely stopped drinking till I was entirely drunk. Whisky affected me strangely; I never got drunk without wanting to steal something. I am told it affects other men differently. It always made me want to steal.

"About four years ago I came to this town looking for work as a baker. There were nine saloons here then. I got into one down near the Commercial Hotel and got to drinking. Then I staggered into the Commercial and stole an overcoat from a traveling man. I was lodged in jail and was visited in my cell by Groom and Conklin and finally employed them as my attorneys and

acted always under their advice. This court is familiar with the outward history of that case but not with the inside facts.

"When Groom and Conklin came to me in my cell I told them I didn't want any lawyer. I knew it was only petty larceny to steal an overcoat. And I had no money and was not willing to let my old parents know of my disgrace in order to get money from them. So I decided to take my punishment and told the lawyers so.

"Then Groom said: 'So you thought this was only petty larceny, eh? Did you know there was a purse and twenty-five dollars in one of the pockets of that overcoat, and that makes it grand larceny and a penitentiary offense?' I told him I didn't know there was any money in the overcoat. Then he brought in the town marshal and the man from whom I had stolen the coat. 'Was there any money in the pockets of that overcoat when it was stolen?' he asked the drummer; and the drummer answered, 'There was twenty-five dollars.' 'Was there any money in the pockets of that coat when you found it in this man's possession?' he then asked the marshal; and the marshal answered, 'There was twenty-five dollars.' Then I lost my nerve and told Groom and Conklin I would employ them to defend me.

"As soon as the marshal and the traveling man were gone Conklin sat down in front of me and asked me all about how my parents back in England were situated. He had a sort of fatherly way about him and he won my complete confidence from the start."

At the discussion of her father's manner Nellie Conklin began to weep audibly, and the mob in the courtroom drank in the sensation avidly.

"I told him," Griggs continued reading, "that our place had mortgaged in the past for ninety pounds and that my parents had about one hundred and forty pounds in the savings bank. He and Groom went out in the entrance and had a long consultation, and then Groom went home and Conklin came back and said to me: 'You'd better write home and tell your parents what a scrape you are in. You say the home will mortgage for ninety pounds—that's about four hundred and fifty dollars—and that your parents have laid away about one hundred and forty pounds in the bank—that's about seven hundred dollars. You write and tell your mother to send you eleven hundred and fifty dollars. Mr. Groom and I will ask you only a hundred and fifty dollars for defending you when the case comes up; you can put up eight hundred dollars as a cash bond so that you can get out at once and go to work at your trade; and the other two hundred will have to go for expenses of the trial. As soon as you are cleared or the case is settled you can send back the eight hundred dollars to your dear old father and mother—your dear old father and mother—those were the words he used."

Pretty Nellie Conklin had ceased weeping. The courtroom was so still that as the slight June breeze soughed by, the creaking of Groom and Conklin's sign-board on its rusty hangings came distinctly in thru the open windows. Suddenly Curly Marlo rose from his chair and stood staring out of the window at the battered sign and gripping his hands as if he was feeling once more the throats of the two dead lawyers within his grasp. The sheriff thrust him roughly back into his chair and the young attorney went on reading in a tone from which he was careful to exclude all emotion:

"That night I sat down in my cell and tried to write to my parents as Conklin had advised me; but every time I came to the words: 'I have stolen an overcoat and am threatened with a prison sentence,' my hand refused to write it. The next morning I told the two lawyers that I could not break the news to my parents, and Conklin said: 'Leave that to me. I will write them in such a way as to get the money and still not let them know of your disgrace.' And Groom said: 'We'll fix up a story that you are in a hospital and that you are going to have to undergo an operation by a costly surgeon to save your life.'"

As the young attorney read these words, Marlo once more rose from his chair, clinching and unclinching his hands. People all over the courtroom rose to see the excitement, and the judge cried angrily:

"Order in the courtroom!" He turned to young Griggs and asked with a sneer: "What is this you are reading us, young man? A dime novel?"

"May it please your honor," replied Griggs with dangerous coldness in his voice. "You yourself appointed me to represent this man. I trust you will allow me to do so." He read on:

"So I let Conklin write the letter. He seemed such a fatherly sort of man that——"

"Please y'ronner, we object to a discussion of how folks seemed or appeared."

"Objection sustained," murmured the judge.

Griggs skipped a line or two and continued:

"A few days after this letter was written and before there was time for a reply the regular term of this court was in session; and Groom came to me and advised me very strongly to plead guilty. He said there was no chance of my beating the case, as a half dozen people had seen me take the coat; but that as it was my first offense he would recommend me to the extreme mercy of the court, and that he doubted if I would get more than three months. He said that in case there was any hitch about getting the money from England, I might have to lie in jail six months before the next term of court; and so it would be good economy all round to come into court and plead guilty. I came into court and pleaded guilty to stealing an overcoat, not money; and then the marshal of your town took the stand and swore that I stole also twenty-five dollars from the drummer and had it in the pocket of the overcoat; and I was sentenced to five years in the State penitentiary.

"I did not see Groom and Conklin but once after I was sentenced, and then only for a few minutes. They said that court was sitting in the next county and that they had to go there. But they promised me faithfully that when the money came they would send it all back to my parents except their fee. They also suggested that I might write to my parents occasionally if I chose, but advised me to send my letters thru their office, so that the dear old people—those were their words—need never know that I was in prison."

Again the prisoner rose to his feet clinching and unclinching his nervous hands.

"Mr. Sheriff!" roared the judge, "make the prisoner keep his seat or else take him out of here—Order—Order in the courtroom!"

Griggs read:

"I trusted them implicitly and went to the penitentiary with the intention of getting out in three and a half years on double good behavior. I was the head prison baker and did my best to please. I sent letters home and always got answers after so long a time. I always sent them thru Groom and Conklin and directed my mother to send her answers to a certain box number that law firm held here in Gentryville. When I had been in prison about a month Groom wrote me that my parents had sent the money and that he had returned a thousand dollars of it to them. And about three weeks later I got this letter purporting to be from my mother. I wish to introduce it here as evidence."

"Object! Object!" chorused the attorneys for the widows of the deceased lawyers.

"'Jection 'stained," murmured Judge Hollis.

There followed a long argument on the part of young Griggs, and he was finally allowed to read the letter, but not to present it as an exhibit. He read:

"Dear son Henry:

"I am writing to tell you that poor old Mabrey, that you know has written all our letters for us ever since you was a little boy, has died sudden. It is a shock to all his old friends. I am having the new letter writer write this for me. We got the money you sent back to us, and your old father and me has paid off the mortgage and got one hundred and three pounds, six and fourpence in the savings bank.

"I am awfully sorry you can't work so well since you got out of the hospital. Take good care of yourself and be a good man—which I know you will be.

"Your ever prayerful mother,

"Abigail Marlo."

Griggs refolded the letter and proceeded with the main document:

"After that all the letters I received were in this new handwriting—the handwriting, as I believed, of the new village letter writer. I was happy even in the penitentiary, for——"

"Please y'ronner, we object to a discussion of the man's happiness," cried the State's attorney.

"'Jection 'stained!"

Griggs omitted a number of sentences and began to read again:

"I wrote home every month or two and got an answer every time in this handwrite——"

"Object! Object! Please y'ronner, we object to any further discussion of handwriting. It is immaterial whether the old village letter writer or the new one, or the prisoner himself wrote these letters!"

"'Jection 'stained!"

Griggs resumed his reading:

"I got out in three and a half years on double good behavior. Didn't wish to live any longer in America, because old-timers in the pen had told me the police would hound me from town to town. I wanted to see my old father and mother. I hoboed my way to New York, signed in on a horse boat for London, and walked to Hixon. Got there in the afternoon and saw from a distance that the house and fences of my father's place had all been rebuilt and repainted. The place had a neat, prosperous look. I was never more hap——"

"'Ject! 'Ject!" from the prosecuting attorneys.

"'Jection 'stai'——overruled," corrected the judge as he caught the colonel's eye.

"Where is the old baker and his wife that used to live here?' I asked the lady of the house, for my parents were gone. 'I never heard of them. We bought the place from the Oxfordshire Realty Company. I don't know whom they got it from,' she told me. The next day I learned from old neighbors that both my parents died in the poorhouse over two and a half years ago—died of broken hearts over my disgrace—and I had received letters supposed to be from them up to seven months before. These letters were all in the handwriting of——"

"'Ject! 'Ject!"—"'Jection stai—" "of Albert H. Conklin!" The widows' attorneys, the judge and young Griggs all spoke at once, but Griggs got the last word.

"And," he continued in a tone that was ice and steel, "I wish to offer these letters and one other written by J. Martin Groom in evidence.

"Here," he went on, "is the letter that Groom wrote to Marlo's parents in order to get that eleven hundred and fifty dollars from them:

"'My Dear Mother:

"'I am in deep trouble. I have been drinking again, and yesterday I stole an overcoat and twenty-five dollars in money. I am having another man write for me because my hands are shackled so that I cannot write. If I don't get a good lawyer they will send me to the State prison, and State prisons in this country are just plain hell.

"'But, Mother, there is still some hope for me, if you and Father can send me $1x150, about 235 pounds. The lawyers in this country are so powerful they can get a man out of anything if he pays them enough.

"'My lawyers are Groom and Conklin, both very powerful advocates.

"'N. B. Send the money direct to them—to the address on this letter head. Mortgage the home place for all it will bring and send me all you have in the savings bank.

"'Your son in deep distress,

"'JAMES HENRY MARLO.'

"This letter, may it please your honor, has the letter head of Groom and Conklin, and is in the well-known handwriting of——"

"'Ject! 'Ject!"

"'Jection 'stained!"

Griggs uttered not another word, but turned the sheet so that all those near the bar could see the letter head and the peculiar handwriting of Groom, a tall angular backhand, which had made him the joke of the lawyers and businessmen of Gentryville. He folded the letter and turned again to the manuscript.

"I got this letter and a number of others that this law firm sent my mother before she died," he read on. "They were given me by an old neighbor back in Hixon. Groom and Conklin never sent back a cent of the money they wheedled from my parents. This letter is a sample of the way they spared the feelings of my dear old father and mother. A few weeks ago I came to this town to get even. Groom and Conklin murdered my parents for money; I killed Groom and Conklin for revenge."

"That is all, your honor," said Griggs. "We rest our case on the mercy of the court."

Three days later Judge Hollis, in a long written decision, carefully worded to defend the memory of the two dead lawyers, condemned Curly Marlo to pay the death penalty.

"This kind of thing happens once in every courthouse town in America," said old Colonel Atterbury to Griggs. "With varying degrees of perfidy, according to the ignorance and friendlessness of the lawyers' victim; and with varying degrees of injustice, according to the viciousness of public opinion and the cowardice of the officials—but once at least in every courthouse town it happens!"

The same summer that a grave in the potter's field of Gentryville began to lose its barrenness and grass over, a traveling man sat talking to Colonel Atterbury in a flying Pullman smoker, and, the talk falling naturally upon thieves, thugs and criminals in general, the drummer remarked with a chuckle:

"I certainly put the trimmings on one thief. I had stopped overnight in a little country burg called Gentryville—one of those hick towns where they give you string beans for breakfast. Well, I had left my overcoat on the stair railing while I went upstairs to chin a chambermaid that had been smiling down at me, and when I got back a drunken bum, had swiped the coat. In a little while the town sleuth was on his trail, and while we're running him to cover I ask the sleuth: 'What's the penalty in this State for stealing an overcoat?' 'About three months on the rock pile,' he says. 'But if a man steals twenty-five dollars or more, he goes to the pen for from one to five years.'

"'Well,' I says to myself, 'I'll put one thief where the dogs won't bite 'em. I'll just raise his bid for 'im and open the pot for a bigger stake.'

"We found our man strictly soused and with my overcoat on, and while the town sleuth was making inquiries of the bystanders, I slipped a purse and twenty-five dollars into a side pocket of the coat. Of course, I knew I'd get it back. Then I raised a holler and says: 'By George, he got my roll, too!' And that's how I raised his bid. I wasn't back there for his trial, because the house changed my territory about that time, but I understand they gave him the limit.

"Once at least, in every courthouse town," murmured the white-haired lawyer.

"What? How's that?" asked the drummer.

But the lawyer did not reply. He was gazing steadily out of the car window at the flying green landscape and thinking of a long pauper's grave that was just beginning to grass over.

* * *

Misunderstood.

Maid (to messenger boy)—"Are your feet clean?"

Messenger—"They ought'a be, ma'am. I washed them this mornin'."

NOT TOO OLD TO FIGHT

My name is Danny Bloomer and my age is eighty-three,
Years ago I went with Sherman to the ever sunny sea,
I stood my ground at Gettysburg, that bloody summer day.
When gallant Pickett rushed the hill and lost his boys in gray;
And now our starry banner is insulted and defied,
The Kaiser tears it into shreds and glories in his pride;
Just pass the word across the sea to his stronghold of might,
And say that Danny Bloomer's here and not too old to fight.

I gave my youth to Uncle Sam in years I'll ne'er forget.
In mem'ry of those stirring times my old blood tingles yet.
With four score years upon me I can lift the same old gun.
And to face our Flag's insulter will be everlasting fun.
Please say that Danny Bloomer is ready for the fray,
Cry "Forward, march!" and see him in the good old ranks today.
I love the flag of Washington because it stands for Right,
And that is why I tell you I am not too old to fight.

'Tis true I'm somewhat crippled, but I do not care for that.
I feel as young as when I saw the tilt of Sherman's hat;
I want to do my duty again before I die,
And see Old Glory proudly in the streets of Berlin fly.
I do not know the Kaiser, but I hope within a year
Amid the roar of cannon he will say, "Old Bloomer's here!"
Yes, hand me down a rifle and I will use it right,
Your Uncle Danny Bloomer isn't yet too old to fight.

We've borne their insults long enough—they make me long to go.
I want to squint along my gun and aim it at the foe;
I'll eat the same old rations that I ate in '64,
And feel the blood of youth again amid the battle's roar.
I haven't long to tarry here until my work is done,
But I want to show the Kaiser we're not in it for fun;
So give me marching orders and I'll disappear from sight,
For I am Danny Bloomer, and I'm not too old to fight.

—T. C. HARBAUGH.

A Man's Sense of Honor Overcomes the Bondage of Fleshly Love.

THE GHOST BETWEEN

By Margery Land May

Gazing at Her as She Sat in Her Bathing Suit, All Wet and White and Shining, Chetney, Unaccustomed to the Lure of Women, Felt a Thrill.

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DAVID CHETNEY was an idealist, and thought much of his soul. Edith Johns was a materialist and thought much of her body, which was by no means unnatural, since she was slim, and white and alluring, and since fine raiment was as much a part of her as leaves are a part of the tree. They met—these two—and they loved, and between them, tho they were not conscious of it, was waged the age-old battle of spirit and the flesh. But all this is a bit ahead of the story.

To begin with, Chetney was one of those rare individuals with whom friendship amounted almost to a passion. It was with him a religious creed. Being reticent and more or less reserved, he made few friends but those he did make he wielded to him with indissoluble bonds.

John Deetrick was one of these friends. Chetney met him at college. Deetrick was rich; Chetney was poor; Deetrick was gay and devil-may-care; Chetney was serious and cared a great deal about life and its issues. The spirits of the two men leaped the temperamental abyss between them and blended into one. They became friends. Years passed. Together they graduated from the university. Together they went to New York, where Deetrick began his career as a philanderer, and Chetney his as a doctor. More years passed, and Deetrick left for London to assume control of his father's business interests across the seas.

"Davey," he said as he clasped Chetney's hand in farewell, "you're fagged out. Been working too hard. Promise me you'll run up to my shack in the Adirondacks for a space. There's a lake there where you can swim, and a big hotel where you can dance at night if you get tired of your own society." He gave him an affectionate look, "Not even Caesarean ambition can energize a tired body. You look like the devil. Promise me you'll go."

Chetney promised, and being a man who did not regard a promise lightly, he kept his word. Two weeks later he got off the train at a small station in the Adirondacks, where he was met by Deetrick's man. An hour's ride brought him to Deetrick's shack—a square, comfortable-looking little cabin made of logs, and almost entirely surrounded by pines and cedar trees.

"There's a lake a stone's throw from here, sir," the man told him, "and you can reach the hotel by following this little path." He indicated it, then asked: "Will you be taking your meals here or at the hotel, sir?"

Chetney smiled. "I'll take 'em here, and, Hatton, you needn't bother about waiting on me. If I want you for anything I'll send one of the boys down to the village for you. What I want principally is a chance to rough it."

And so Chetney, left to his own devices, did "rough it." For the first time in his hard-driven life he gave himself up to laziness, and play. He angled for trout, he rode, he tramped and he golfed—then just when he was beginning to think reluctantly of going back to his duties in New York, he met the girl.

He came upon her when she was swimming in the lake. As he made his way to the bank, he saw, silhouetted against the early morning sky, a figure of sapling slenderness—young Artemis poised for a dive. He stopped in his tracks, and watched her as with swallow-like swiftness and grace, she flung herself from the springing-board and cut thru the water.

"Bravo," he shouted as her head appeared above the surface of the lake, "I never saw a neater dive." With a run and a jump he followed her into the water. Throwing himself headlong, he quickened his stroke and reached her side. When he was splashing abreast of her he said:

"I thought I was the only sunrise duck around here, but I see I'm not. The early bird does enjoy some privileges that the lazy one doesn't, doesn't he?"

She gave him a provocative glance out of slow-lidded eyes.

"Does he?" she asked and gave a little laugh that made Chetney think of the silver tinkle of silver bells. "What privileges, for instance?" They had reached the raft now and Chetney had clambered up to the planking. The girl stretched out her hands and he bent down to help her. Emerging from the lake, the girl sat on the float and let her bare feet dangle in the water.

"What privileges, for instance?" she repeated smilingly.

"Oh, the privilege of a plunge such as this, of seeing the sun rise over those pines, and last, but not least, the rare privilege of eating the bacon and drinking the coffee made by one's own hands." He looked down at his slim, strong-fingered hands, now tanned a golden brown, and he smiled. "Perhaps, it's because I've been walled in by cities so long that I appreciate such rural joys," he said.

She pouted prettily. "But you see," she said, "your privileges outnumber mine, for I'm staying at the hotel and my coffee and bacon are made by a fat old chef, who charges outrageously for his services. Do you," she gave him a side-long glance, "charge outrageously for yours?"

Gazing at her as she sat there in her boy's bathing suit all wet and white and shining, Chetney, so unaccustomed to the allure of women, felt a thrill. He did not, of course, approve of her, he told himself. In fact he thought it a bit brazen for a girl to invite the attentions of a man as she by every glance of her eye and every intonation of her deep-noted voice was inviting his. And yet as she sat there she was to him the incarnation of everything damnably adorable, and appealing in woman. He had never seen such eyes or such skin, and her hands, pink-palmed and slim, reminded him of fluttering moths.

So absorbed was he in his appraisal of her that he did not answer her question, so she drawled:

"I wonder if you do make good coffee?"

Chetney shelved his analytical reflections.

"Won't you tell me if I do?" he suggested, "Won't you have breakfast with me in my shack?" He pointed to it. "It's on the other side of the lake. Suppose we swim to it?"

She nodded and slipped into the lake. He followed, admiring the incisiveness of the overhand side stroke with which she shot her lithe-limbed body thru the water.

When they reached the bank she gave a little cry of dismay.

"Oh," she whimpered, "I'd forgotten all about my slippers. They're on the other side of the lake where I got in this morning. I can't walk up that path. It's all pebbly."

Chetney laughed. "That's easy," he said, and the next instant he had her in his arms and was carrying her up the path to his shack. She gave a little squeal and her arms went about his neck. Her cheek, so firm and cool, brushed his. He colored furiously. His heart skipped a beat and began a dull thudding which pained him. It seemed as if that heart were beating its way thru his flesh. He wondered if the girl whose soft body was held so close to his could hear its agonized throbbing.

When he reached the threshold of the cabin, he held her to him fiercely for an instant, then put her down. His own face was flushed and hot. He felt nervous and constrained and so to hide his embarrassment and emotion he assumed a professional manner. Going into his bedroom, he donned a bath-robe, and brought a voluminous one of Deetrick's, which he had found, in to her.

"Here, child," he said gruffly, "slip this on." He held it for her and she snuggled into it, looking up at him with laughing, provocative eyes. Still gruff, he led her to a chair and pushed her into it. "Sit there," he commanded, "and don't move until I tell you to. I'm going to start a fire in this hearth." He knelt down before the huge fireplace and struck a match to some timber. "It's chilly in here," he explained.

When he had got the fire going and had wheeled her chair around so that she could toast her little toes before the deep glow of warmth, he said:

"And now, madam or——"

"Miss Edith Johns," she supplied the desired information.

"And now, Miss Johns, what will you have for breakfast?"

She considered some seconds, then she began to count the courses off on her fingers:

"First, orange juice; second, strawberries and cream; third, eggs and bacon and biscuit; fourth——"

"My dear girl," he admonished her with mock seriousness, "my name is Doctor David Chetney, which means that I simply will not allow you to commit suicide by over-indulgence in food. What you may have is coffee, bacon and eggs."

Her graceful hands fluttered towards him and sank into the stuff of his robe.

"All right, Doctor David Chetney," she crooned.

He caught her wrists in a vise-like grip. "And what," he whispered, "may I have? What payment will you make your new chef?"

Her eyes traveled out thru space.

"Tonight," she said, "there will be a dance at the hotel. If you come, you may have a dance."

His look reproached her.

"Coffee, bacon and eggs, all that for just one dance?"

"Two dances."

He shook his head.

"Three, four," she laughed, "as many as you like." Her lips with their soft, child-like curves seemed to beckon his. His head bent a little, then suddenly fear clutched him and he turned away.

"Now for the coffee," he said and left her.

After they had breakfasted and quaffed the deliciously aromatic coffee, Edith declared she must go, and Chetney strolled with her to her bath house.

"It's been quite an adventure," she said as she gave him both her hands, "and don't forget about tonight."

He smiled gravely. "How could I forget?" he answered, but there was a worried look in his eyes. Somehow the zest of this unconventional little episode had lost its evanescent quality. Again the cloak of serious, purposeful manhood, which for an hour or two he had discarded, was wrapped about him; again he was thinking of the higher aims of life and living, and he was a little ashamed of having been so completely entralled by the pink and white lure of a girl.

"You will come?" she was saying again. "Remember, as many dances as you like."

"Then save them all for me," he said, and, disturbed and ill at ease, he broke away.

He thought about her all that day. The gestures of her restless hands; the pucker of her beautiful lips with their soft, uplifted curves; the rich tones of her hair, hair that held the warm color of copper in its curls; the grace of her straight-limbed, rose-fleshed body. He thought of these things and a hundred pictures of her, doing this or saying that, flashed thru his mind. He worried and wondered about her until his brain was a chaos of doubts and questionings. Concerning her there was only one thing of which he was certain—he in no way approved of her, and had she not been so irresistibly charming, he would have termed her immodest and bold. However, since she was both irresistible and charming, he spent the slow minutes of the day in restless misery, and when night fell, he attired himself in faultless flannels, and presented himself at the hotel for the dance. But tho he looked for her eagerly he was still oppressed by doubts.

After some aimless wandering to and fro, he caught sight of her. She was standing on the half-lit balcony adjoining the ballroom, and she was surrounded by white-trousered, blue-coated young men who were clamoring for her program. Then she saw Chetney coming across the shining floor, and she went to meet him, leaving behind her a protesting chorus. She was a creature of light, Chetney thought, in her petal-like dress of chiffon, and when she moved she was like some gauzy June creature on wings. Before he could speak the music sounded and she drifted, a winged spirit, lissome and free, into his arms.

As they went down the smooth floor, exquisitely one as to step, Chetney swept her closer to him. Gazing into the unfathom-depths of her green-gray eyes, he felt he had misjudged her. Surely there was a prayer in those eyes. Letting his lips rest for the barest fraction of a second in the coppery fragrance of her red-gold hair, he knew that he had. His heart went out to her with a rush of tenderness. To him the music of that waltz was the music of love. He bent his dark, nobly-shaped head close to

hers. His lips touched her ear. He said:

"Let me be your friend. With Peter Ibbetson I might say: 'I have no gift for making new friends, but oh, such a genius for remembering old ones!'" He smiled. "Somehow, I believe that in some other incarnation we have known each other—you and I. Don't you think," his arms about her tightened, "that on the strength of that we might take up the threads of our old-new friendship again?"

They reversed, in perfect accord, and her eyes, which had been half-shut, opened blossom-like. Chetney read a hint of raillery in them. Against his tight-closed arm he could feel the warmth of her body—the throb of her heart. The little face so purely clear was close, close to his; the lips, so tropically red, beckoned his flesh and made him forget his soul. She whispered:

"And do you want me for a friend only that I may add to your Peter Ibbetsonish genius of remembering old ones—as you call them? Am I, after all, to be only a memory?"

His breath came hard and fast. His very heart shook with emotion evoked by the pink and white and gold exquisiteness of this girl. He fought for composure and he said:

"Who knows? After all, it rests with the fates whether you are less or more——"

Her laughter fanned his ear like the touch of a fairy hand.

"And the Fates," she answered, "are like Deity in that they help those who help themselves."

Followed halcyon days—swift, breathless hours which gave Chetney no moment in which to think of his ideals or to care about the serious issues of life. Just to live—just to lose himself in the shadows of gray-green eyes, and the fragrance of golden hair was enough. To love for him was to live.

But as Adam's Eden was invaded by a serpent, so was Chetney's—the poison-fanged serpent of distrust and doubt.

He was putting on the hotel green one early morning when he was joined by Herbert Winslow—a young blade with whom he had picked up a casual acquaintance. Several times they had golfed and fished together, and often Winslow sauntered down to Chetney's shack in the evenings for a desultory talk, and a smoke. He was very fond of Chetney, was Winslow. There was something about the serious-mannered chap which appealed to him—something about his decent manliness which shamed him and made him conscious of his own lack of vision and ideals. Therefore it was with a look of real concern and affection on his face that he spoke to Chetney of Edith Johns.

"David, old fellow," he said, "I'm going to play the role of Polonius and give you a bit of fatherly advice. You won't mind, will you?"

Chetney, who was very busy trying to putt his golf ball into the cup, did not glance up but said cheerfully:

"All right, Win, fire ahead. You can't hurt my feelings."

For a moment Winslow was silent, then he jerked out the abrupt words: "If I were you I'd go a little slow with Edith Johns."

Chetney colored, dropped his putter, and straightened up so that he could look Winslow in the eye.

"What does that mean, Winslow?" he asked coldly.

"Just what the words say. If I were you I'd cut out Miss Johns. Don't let her rope you in—don't fall in love with her, Davie——"

"And what makes you think I'm falling in love with her?"

Winslow smiled. "I know all the signs, and I tell you, old chap, she's not worth a single worry. I don't like to see a man of your caliber throw himself away on a girl of here."

With trembling fingers Chetney struck a match to his pipe. Making an effort to keep his voice calm he said:

"You're not saying very nice things, Win. I'm very fond of Miss Johns, and I'd rather not hear you criticise her, especially when you imply things that are—well—rather ugly. Generally I don't let fellows make remarks about women unless they can prove them."

Winslow smiled cynically.

"Oh, I can prove 'em, all right. I fell for her myself about two years ago. Asked her to marry me and all that, and she led me on until some one else came along whom she liked a little better. She's a regular gold digger, that child is, and unless you're related to the Vanderbilts or the Carnegies you might as well spare yourself a few sleepless nights. Anyway, she's not your kind. Spirit and flesh don't mingle, Davie, and all the soul Edith has is what she walks on—namely, the soles of her pretty feet." He laughed, but Chetney frowned angrily and cried out sharply:

"I don't like that kind of joke, Win. Just because she didn't——"

Winslow put out his hand in a gesture of protest.

"Don't say it, old fellow. I'm not a dog in the manger. If you had any money I wouldn't say a word, but since you're nothing but a struggling M. D. I hate to see a mere girl amusing herself with you as if you were a summer-time toy. But," he went over and put his hand on his shoulder, "if I've offended, I'm sorry. Come on," he hitched his arm in Chetney's, "let's repair to the nineteenth hole."

That night Chetney took Edith canoeing on the lake, and afterwards they went to the shack for a little near-midnight supper. When they had finished eating they sat down before the warm glow of the fire, and Chetney took a cigarette from his case and started to smoke. Edith stretched forth her little hand.

"I want one, too," she said, "I'm dying for a smoke."

Reluctantly, he offered her his case.

"I wish you wouldn't," he objected gloomily. "Smoking cheapens a woman."

"Oh, la, la, David," she answered impatiently. "Don't be prudish and absurd. Come," she caught his hand and snuggled her fingers into his. "Tell me something of your life—of your wonderful friend who owns this sweet, wee place. What is he like, this man who is Jonathan to your David?"

Chetney got up and ranged about the room. Finally he stopped his prowlings and stood before Edith, hands deep in pockets, feet planted wide apart.

"He's a man about Deetrick's shoulders. It was jolly to be with old John once more, he thought.

"No," he said, "I don't like your color. You're thinner, older, and Jove, man, you're getting gray. What's done it—London, business, this infernal war—or what?"

There came into Deetrick's eyes a troublous, clouded look.

"There's no use pretending with you, Davie," he said hoarsely. "I'm shot to pieces with nerves. Love's done it, and fear."

"Fear?" Chetney repeated, "fear of what?" He smiled. "What is it that the Scriptures say about perfect love casting out fear? Haven't you found that true?"

His arm was about Deetrick's shoulders. It was jolly to be with old John once more, he thought.

"No," Deetrick answered, "I haven't found it true, David." He turned to him fiercely, "I love my wife better than anything else in my life. I love her so much that I'm filled with constant dread that she'll slip away from me—love me less and some one else more. She's—so—beautiful. So incomparably radiant. She's—I——" His voice broke.

"Bosh, John, nonsense. No woman wants the homage of knaves when she has that of a prince like you. Forget your worries." He switched the subject abruptly. "Tell me about London and yourself."

A half hour's ride brought them to Deetrick's place.

"Tell Mrs. Deetrick we're here," Deetrick said to the footman. "We'll wait in the library for her. This way, Davie."

They had hardly seated themselves before the crackling blaze of the fire when the rustle of skirts was heard. Rising to their feet, they turned to face the woman who stood framed in the arching doorway. Suddenly Chetney recoiled. Edith—Edith! John's wife—Edith, the woman he loved, the girl whose heart had beat on his heart—Good God! In a daze he heard Deetrick's proud voice as if from a distance saying:

"Edith, dear, this is old David of whom you've heard me speak so often. David, this," there was a ring of triumph in his tones, "is my wife!"

For an instant Chetney lost composure, then he steadied himself and bowing formally said:

"I'm happy to meet——"

The woman laughed and glided towards him. She held out her two hands to his, —those hands which in olden days he had likened to little fluttering moths.

"Aren't you going to shake hands with me?" she asked with a pout of the lips which had rested so lovingly on his. "Surely we," she inflected her drawling voice with emphasis, "surely we need not rest on formalities." She narrowed her eyes and gave him a sidelong look. "Your friendship with John, if nothing else, gives me the right to call you my friend."

Chetney flushed. Bending over, he brushed her hands with his lips.

"You honor me," he said lightly, and withdrew to the other side of the room.

At this moment Deetrick suggested refreshments.

"I'm sure David would like a cocktail," he said. "Suppose I ring for it and some tea?"

She nodded, and seating herself on a rug-covered divan, patted the place beside her. "Come sit here, and," she laughed, "tell me something of your life."

Chetney trembled at the familiar, taunting little words which she had used so many times in the past. She was intentionally bringing old memories out of the limbo of almost forgotten things, and he felt he hated her for trying to crucify him.

"You're very kind," he said as he took the seat she indicated. "John tells me that they're having strenuous times in England these days, with their air raids and all. Everything's in war-paint, I suppose?"

She made a little face. "Oh, let's talk of something else—of yourself, your pills and powders, of the women who, we hear, have made you such a medical lion"—her voice drawled, "of your soul."

Deetrick laughed: "She's a big tease, David, as you'll soon discover." He sat down beside her and clasped her hand in his, stroking it gently as if it were some precious flower.

Edith gave him an arch glance and smiled.

"Yes," she replied, "I'm a big tease, and poor Johnny here doesn't know when I'm serious and when I'm not. For instance," she turned to Chetney, "the other morning I had him almost in tears. I told him that I had heard all about him and his Croesus-like wealth from an adoring college friend of his and that I had purposely set out to ensnare him, and do you know," she gave Chetney an amused glance, "he was terribly hacked. He thought me in earnest. Would you, Dr. Chetney, have done me such an injustice?"

Deetrick, all smiles at Edith's teasing, offered Chetney a cigarette. He lighted it and clasped his hands about his knee. "That would depend," Chetney answered quietly, "on how well I knew your true self, Mrs. Deetrick . . . on whether or not I knew you to be in the habit of speaking true words in jest. And even then I would hesitate to accuse you of the cruelty of inflicting unnecessary wounds."

Edith paled, and, leaning forward took a cigarette from the taboret at her side.

"Do you approve of women smoking, or do you," she laughed, "think, as do many men, that it cheapens them?"

Chetney lowered his voice, so that Deetrick, who was then across the room, could not hear.

"I think it becomes a certain type of woman," he replied coldly, "the sensual type, for instance, such as Boldini delights in painting."

She flushed angrily, and caught her short, uplifting upper lip between her teeth. "You mean by that that I——"

"Exactly," he replied, and then the butler entered with the tea-wagon, and Deetrick rejoined them and said:

"Ah, here are our drinks and the tea. Will you do the honors, Edith?"

The hour passed in excruciating torment for Chetney. He cursed Fate as he sat there and watched the graceful, moth-like flittings of Edith's slim hands as she fingered the tea things. Her cryptic words, the caressing intonation of her voice, the way she talked and gestured brought memories with their old heart-hunger into life again. She let her deep eyes rest on him in a way that was subtly alluring. Her hands touched his and stung him like fire. He gave a sigh of relief when Deetrick suggested that they go dress for dinner.

As he donned his evening things Chetney groaned. He was no fool. It was cruelly apparent to him that Edith, having married Deetrick for his pot of gold, was now tired of him and his loverliness. He realized that she was consciously tempting him and trying to awaken the slumbering fires of his passion for her. He realized, too, that there was danger of her succeeding in her attempt, for whereas the soul of him—the clean, fine manhood of him, hated and scorned her, the flesh of him still thirsted for her flesh. And so he determined to get away from her as soon as he could do so with decency. Loyalty still was a religious creed with him. Years had not cooled the warmth of his friendship for Deetrick.

At dinner Edith appeared in a gown of softest green. It was Chetney's favorite color, and her beauty as she bloomed from it, as a flower blossoms from its leaves, blinded him. His blood leaped and beat in his ears. He got thru the meal somehow, hardly conscious of the words he had said. Would the torture—the hypocrisy of it all ever end, he wondered.

At last dinner was over and they were sipping their coffee and cognac in the salon. But for Chetney, there was yet more agony to come, for Deetrick turned to his wife and asked:

"Won't you sing for us, dear?"

Edith laughed gayly. "John insists upon showing me off," she said as she seated herself at the piano, and struck the keys. "Did you ever hear this, Dr. Chetney?" She looked over her shoulder at him and broke into song.

"The sweetest flower that grows,
I give you as we part,
For you it is a rose,
For me it is my heart."

Chetney gripped the arms of his chair. Had he ever heard it! God! Could he ever forget the way she had sung that song in the old days! White and tense, he closed his eyes. Memories stabbed him. Again he was holding her as they drifted on the lake thru the still heart of those moonlit nights; again, clear and flute-like rose the notes of the same beautiful song; again her coppery hair brushed his cheeks, and that pouting mouth was near, so near to his.

A voice broke thru his dreams. He opened his eyes. Edith was facing him—a taunting smile on her lips.

"You like the song, Dr. Chetney? Perhaps you have heard it before?"

"Yes," he answered briefly, "I have heard it often. 'At Parting' is quite an old song, is it not? I think we're all familiar with those old favorites." He rose and went to the piano. "Sing something else, won't you?"

"If you'll turn the pages for me," she replied as she ran her hands thru a stack of music.

At this moment the butler entered. "A gentleman to see you, Mr. Deetrick. He says he wishes to see you only for a moment. Shall I tell him you are occupied, sir?"

Deetrick got up. "No, it's Johnson, I think. I asked him to run down this evening. Excuse me, dear?"

Edith nodded, and ran her fingers over the keys.

"How times do change us," she said, softly. "We change and with us our loves. Funny, isn't it?"

Chetney managed a smile. "Funny?" He repeated her word. "Perhaps so, but so is life. Play something, won't you?"

She disregarded his request.

"And after all your protestations of love," she reproached him, "you forgot me. For you the rose was but a rose, but for me it was my heart." She paraphrased the song, and lifted tender eyes to his stern ones. "You forgot me," she said again.

"I have," he replied coldly, "a splendid memory for the beautiful."

She put her hand over his. "You do

not love me any more? After all those breathless hours——"

"Don't, please," his voice was sharp. "If you're trying to tempt me I may as well tell you that it is of no use."

"I suppose," she sneered, "that you are again thinking of your honor and of your soul."

"Yes, of both. Would to God, for poor John's sake, that you had either to think of." Then Deetrick came into the room.

That was Friday evening. To Chetney the following two days were an agonizing eternity. At last Sunday, the last day of his visit, did come.

"Can't you stay longer?" Deetrick asked as they were again sipping coffee and cognac in the salon after dinner.

"I wish I could, John, old fellow," Chetney lied, "but I've several neurasthenic women patients who think they need my prescriptions. So I must get back. I'll come again if you'll let me, Mrs. Deetrick?"

"Of course," Edith turned to her husband. "John, dear, please get my scarf. It's in the upstairs sitting-room. I'm chilly."

Deetrick hastened away, and she turned on Chetney with an expression of fierceness in her eyes:

"Do you think you can treat me like this?" she demanded. "Ever since you've been here you've avoided me. I've had to lie and deceive in order to speak to you alone. Once you pretended to love me, and yet when I'm sick to death of my tiresome, adoring husband you are as cold as ice to my love!"

"Hush, you must not talk that way, Edith. I once asked you to marry me. You lied to me and deceived me. You married John Deetrick, the best man, the truest friend that ever lived—you married him for his money. Now you must pay the price. There is nothing I can do."

"Yes, there is," she flung at him. "You can love me, kiss me, take me in your arms. Oh, David, I love you—there has never been any one else I've loved like you. I know it now. Oh," her breath came sobbingly, "I was a fool."

Strongly he grasped her by the shoulders and put her from him.

"I'm sorry," he said coldly. "There is no way in which I can help you——"

Again she threw herself on his breast, pounding him with her little fists.

"After all I have been to you, do you dare talk to me like that? You love me. You must love me. Tell me you do." She repeated his pleading words of long ago.

He smiled down at her icily.

"No," he said. "I do not love you. I want you, I desire you, but I do not love you."

She clung to him: "Why do you say such things? Once you threatened to make me pay if I failed you—I did—fail—you. Are—you trying—to make—me—suffer—for—that?" Her arms went about his neck. "I love you, David. Take me."

Dizzy with recrudescent passion, he caught her roughly to him and bruised her mouth with his kisses. Then he flung her from him.

"Let me go," he cried, "I must. I can't stay here . . . John is my friend. I love him . . . I . . . . My honor. . . ." He uttered broken, disjointed words.

She laughed harshly. "You talk to me of honor, you, who threw me aside, as if I were a worn-out glove for which you had no more use. You call that honor?"

He leaned against a chair to steady himself.

"Don't—don't—talk to me like that. I leave tonight. I shall never see you again. I hold the trust of friendship above everything else in life. Whether I love you, or you love me, in no way affects my decision; nor does what we have been to each other in the past and might again be to each other in the future affect it. You are John Deetrick's wife. He is my friend. I shall be true to my friend."

Before she could answer him there was a step in the hall and Deetrick, with Edith's scarf on his arm, entered the room.

Chetney left for New York that night. For a month he lived in a hideous nightmare and then that dark dream was broken by a more terrible reality—the death of John Deetrick. He had been drowned while in bathing. No one knew how the accident had occurred. Deetrick had carried off the championship for swimming at college.

Chetney was made executor of his estate. For him the funeral of his friend and the winding up of his affairs was grim, tragic business. As much as was possible he avoided Edith in these transactions, and when he could not he saw to it that he had no conference with her alone. But one day personal matters forced him to seek an interview with her at her Fifth avenue place, whither she had moved after Deetrick's death.

Thruout his long interview with her he was quiet, grave and aloof.

"Good-by," he said at last as he rose to go.

She looked at him in bewilderment. Trembling, she went to him with arms outstretched, but he warded off those pleading hands.

"But why should you go? Between us there need be no more good-bys. I love you. I am free. You——" she hesitated. "Once you said you cared. I want you—doesn't that mean anything to you now?"

He shook his head: "It can never mean anything now." Fumbling in his breast pocket, he brought forth a note and handed it to her. "Read this," he said. "I found it addressed to me among John's papers."

Hastily she scanned the note:

"Dear Davey: I love you, and I love Edith far more than it is best for men to love their wives. Because of my love for both of you, and because I want Edith to be happy, I am putting myself out of the way. I overheard enough of your conversation with Edith on the last night of your visit here to know that in times past you two have known and loved one another. I cannot stand by and see myself an interloper any longer. Nor do I want to live now that I know Edith no longer cares for me. You see, old fellow, the thing that I greatly feared has come upon me. I have lost—that which I perhaps never had—the love of my wife. But I, thru my sorrow, can still thank God for this—that, thru all these long years, in hours of great temptation, as well as in less stressful ones, you have always been David Chetney, Gentleman."

The letter fell from Edith's hands.

"What does it mean?" she stammered—eyes fearful—cheeks dyed like scarlet.

"It means that we murdered him, you and I." He picked up his hat and gloves and cane. "Good-by, Edith."

She stumbled to him, and caught him by the arm, clinging to him tearfully. "Don't go! I love you! I want to be yours. Don't punish me this way, David. I'm hungry for your arms about me; your kisses on my lips. Take me with you——" She crouched at his feet. Her shoulders, like Mary Magdalen's of ancient times, shook with her sobs. The pins had slipped from her head. Like a flood of gold her hair fell about her.

Gently Chetney lifted her up.

"Between you and me," he said, "there stands a memory—and a ghost—the ghost of your husband and of my friend." He threw back his head and looked beyond him with vision-seeing eyes. "To that at least I shall be true." He brought her hand to his lips.

"Good-by," he said, and left her.

How I Escaped From the Huns

By Edmund L. Weatherhead

I GOT my first taste of real war when I got over to Liverpool in February, 1915. We hadn't been in port a half hour before a freighter from Australia hailed us. The vessel had been chased by a submarine from 7:30 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon. That message sure carried cheer to us. We were due to go back on the same course, and all the way up to Glasgow you could almost see the deck trembling, and believe me, it wasn't due to the force of the propeller.

We got to Glasgow all right, and there I went to the recruiting office. Except for a few white lies, like saying I was born in Dublin, and that I was ten years younger than I really was, I answered the recruiting officers' questions truthfully. I got in all right, and after a few months in the training camp, we were shipped across to France, and took part in the battle of Loos.

Of course, the Germans attacked; it's their favorite pastime, and our machine guns gave them h—l. Just before they succeeded in getting into our trench I was sent to the dugout to fill one of the metal ammunition belts, and when the others had been driven out, there I was. The first thing I knew some one fired thru the door. It was a Boche. He ordered me to come out, and his tone implied that I accommodate him in a hurry.

I did nothing of the kind; instead I invited him into the dugout to get me out if he wanted me. He got a half dozen companions and started in after me. We mixed it for a while, and I think I owe my life to the fact that the space was so limited that the Boches got into one another's way. At last one of them reached me with the butt end of his rifle, and I went down like a pack of cards. They thought I was dead.

In the meantime, our boys began to advance, and drove the Germans back some ten feet from where I was lying in the dark. Our forces were using bombs and coming closer and closer till I was practically under fire from both sides. I thought it was about time for me to move on, and started to crawl towards our trenches when lightning in the shape of one of our homemade bully beef tin bombs, struck.

It landed about five feet in front of me and it gave me a great lift in life. Talk about a ride in an airship! Nothing like it. When I came to I was about twelve feet from the pit, right back to the spot I had come from. My tunic was blown almost off me and I felt as tho my face and chest had gone with it. My watch, which was in my pocket, had hands and face blown off. But I didn't have long to ponder, for the Germans saw me from their covered trench, came over and grabbed me and yanked me in with them.

I no more than got into their trenches than they set me to work, bringing in a wounded Fritz lying 100 yards across the open field, and in the line of direct fire from the communicating trench. How we made it, heaven only knows. The stretcher-bearers then got the wounded man, and I was marched off to headquarters. The officers shouted and tried to bluff me into giving them information. They worked thru an interpreter, but I understood every word they said among themselves, thanks to a course of German I had had in school.

For three days they held me in Hulloch. Then they transferred me from one garrisoned town to the next, until after three journeys of this sort, we entrained for Lille. I was kept at Lille prison for a week, and from there

The Germans Attacked and Our Machine Guns Gave Them H—l.

was taken to Munster in Westphalia, being transferred from one detention camp in the environs to the other. I made several attempts to escape by tunneling, but I finally gave up the plan, and decided my only hope lay in going out with a working party towards the Holland border, and taking a chance on jumping from a moving train.

Accordingly, in January, 1917, I volunteered for a party that I had been told was going to a point ten miles from the border. I thought my chance had come at last. Instead, much to my chagrin, we were shipped southwest instead of nearer the frontier. It was too late to play sick, or get out of it in any other way, so we decided to grin and bear it. We went. To make matters worse, a heavy snowstorm started, and we had to walk five miles with our kits on our backs before landing in a hole called Neubechum, where there was nothing but stone quarries for miles around in every direction.

We stayed here for three months working in the snow. Everything was frozen solid; people in the neighborhood claimed it was the severest winter Germany had known in twenty-seven years and it certainly was h—l. We suffered every known punishment on the calendar during those three awful months. There were thirty of us stationed in this quarry all winter, and most of us had never done anything harder than push a pen. A good many of the boys got sick, and we decided that we were going to get out of the quarry and out of Germany if it took our lives.

Three of us formed a plan to tunnel under our house, and we took a saw from the cement mill, but had to work a few nights before we sawed thru the solid flooring. We then began tunneling underneath the house. Many a time the guard would come in to examine the bars on the windows and doors, and stand on top of the very boards under which our man was working.

We finished finally, and waited our opportuuity to escape. It didn't come. But we made one for ourselves when the German sergeant in command told us each one of us would have to load one five-ton car more, each day. We decided that the limit had been reached. That night we boiled ten pounds of bacon we had saved from parcels sent to us from home, and packed biscuit and bread enough to last ten days, the time we figured it would take to reach the Dutch border, and bolted for freedom.

Our plans worked smoothly. Even a little ruse we used to throw the Germans off the trail succeeded well. After hiding from the Germans who pursued us, we started out at 11 o'clock at night, taking a course due northward, according to the compass and map which we carried. Our luck lasted thruout, and were in danger of recapture only three or four times. After eleven days we found ourselves on the Dutch border, and managed by waiting for the German sentry to reach the end of his post, to sneak across the line. We wandered about for a half hour in Holland before the Dutch sentries stopped us.

They took us to their guardroom, gave us a good dinner, and put us to bed. In the morning we were taken to a near by town and entrained for Rotterdam, where we went to the British consul's office. A week later we were on our way to England; the three Canadian troopers reported to their headquarters; I proceeded to Ayr, Scotland, and then to Fort Matilda, Greenock, Scotland, where I am still stationed.

Here Begins a New Serial Involving a Puzzling Crime, Love and Mystery.

BY WHOSE HAND?

By Julian F. Darrow

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AS I took Janice Stormways' little hand into mine and acknowledged an introduction to her, I had a vague sensation that we had met before and under very different circumstances. Her laughing blue eyes, however, gave no hint that she ever had seen me before she came to the door to welcome me to Linden Fells, the luxurious home of my old bachelor friend and crony, Judge Jacob Stormways. The feeling persisted even as I turned from her to greet a good-looking, serious-faced chap whom the Judge presented as his secretary, Richard Selkirk.

Later, when I had washed up and Judge Stormways and I were seated in the library, I broached the subject of the girl.

"Is she a niece, as well as your adopted daughter?" I asked.

A shadow crossed his face and he shook his head.

"No, only the daughter of a friend whom I once loved very dearly, Felix," said he. "Some day I mean to tell you all about it, also the queer way in which I met the girl and learned her identity. And she is responsible, too, for the fact that I at last left the noisy old city and came to the country. It was her love for the fields and the great outdoors that cast the deciding vote when I was given an opportunity to buy this wonderful old Pangborn estate. You remember old John J. Pangborn went broke in Wall street just after you left. Game old bird, tho. He and his wife just sold everything they could to pay his debts, then they went back to the little home where they lived before wealth came their way, and he is starting all over on what was left of his fortune. Seems like they had two sons, twins, harum-scarum young fellows they were, but I don't suppose that their parents even know what became of them. Seems like I have heard that they had dropped from sight quite some little time back. But, come, I want to show you over the place before it gets dark, then I want you to look at some of the recent additions to my collection of stones."

The place consisted of several acres of valuable ground, for the most part given up to gardens and shrubbery. There were a number of capacious barns and a more recently constructed garage. The furnishings of the ideal old mansion had also been purchased, the Judge told me, and left, for the present, pretty much as he and Janice had found them.

Janice accompanied us on our stroll, and I thus had a better opportunity of studying her face, as she laughed and chatted with us. She was very sweet and winsome, even as the devoted Judge had declared; but she was more than this—I could see something deep down in her azure eyes, now and then, that convinced me this girl in the past had known what it was to suffer.

Another thing I was soon convinced of, and this concerned the young man who was occupying the position of secretary to the collector—Janice was interested in Richard Selkirk, tho possibly such a thing may never have occurred to my old friend, the Judge, unaccustomed, as he was, to the caprices of the other sex, from whom he had held himself aloof all his life.

I read the secretary's secret in his eyes the very first time he had occasion to speak to Miss Janice; and knew from this that the girl had inspired him with an overwhelming feeling of love. It occurred to me that perhaps this was what disturbed him more or less when he learned that I was to stay over some days; for something about my make-up may have warned him that I had more penetrating eyes than his employer, who was so wholly devoted to his fad that he could see nothing else.

We had a pleasant dinner, and I found that Richard was a very good listener, as he rarely said anything unless spoken to; but at the same time what little he did remark, gave me the impression that he was an unusually bright young man.

Later on I was shown the living-room, where the valuable gems of the Judge's collection had been unpacked, and were lying about on tables and the floor, in seemingly endless confusion. But my old friend declared that they were getting on famously in the work of cataloging his treasures, and that within a few weeks everything would be in complete order, if things continued to move along as smoothly as at present.

"Well, I can see that you have some magnificent prizes here," I remarked, after he had shown me dozens of things that I knew he must have paid large sums for across the water, where competition for such treasures is keen; "and I hope you keep them properly insured against both fire and burglary."

"I have already looked out for the first, my friend," the Judge went on to say, "and if you advise me to also set my house in order against the coming of unprincipled men who would carry off my priceless jade, and such other treasures as are dear to my heart, I expect I had better attend to it the very next time I am in the city."

"I am really surprised," I told him, "that so conservative a man as you always were in the past, should have neglected such a wise precaution up to now. No doubt there have been numerous items printed in the papers concerning your new purchase, and telling more or less about the great value of your collection, which is to find a home in the Pangborn house here at Linden Fells. Suppose now some clever Raffles should read about this, don't you see that he would consider it a splendid chance to make a haul that would net him a round sum; for of course you would be willing to buy the stolen curios back again, without harming the thief."

"Why, Richard was speaking to me along that same line this very morning, and advising that I do something about taking out burglar insurance, after I had my collecton unpacked and settled," the Judge went on to say, turning to give the secretary a smile and a nod. "He has been more solicitous about the safety of these things than myself."

I saw Richard turn a bit red, and altho the idea seemed rather preposterous afterward, just then it struck me that there was a sign of confusion in his manner.

A Brawny Irishman Neatly Floored the Young Man.

"That was only because I felt, just as you were saying, Mr. Jasper," he observed, quickly, turning to me, "that if any unscrupulous person chose to mark this house for the field of his operations he would find a wonderful harvest ready to be gathered."

"I agree with you, Richard," I remember saying; "and with a small hand bag I imagine one could carry off things worth many thousands of dollars. But let us hope that anything so disastrous will never come to pass. Ordinary thieves seldom try to disturb collections of curios, because in the first place they fancy such places must always be securely guarded; and then again they realize that most of the precious things gathered by these faddists are so well known that they could not be disposed of without great risk of detection."

"All the same," continued the Judge complacently, "I mean to have the insurance man here shortly, and take out a risk that would compensate me, so far as mere money could, for any loss thru burglary. And now, if you are tired of looking at my collection in its present uninteresting condition, suppose we step over into the music room, where Janice will perhaps favor us with a few songs."

She certainly had a sweet voice, Janice did, and I do not know when I have enjoyed hearing some of the old songs sung as I did while sitting there, drinking in the melody.

It also gave me an opportunity to study her face again, and I availed myself of it, once more trying to brush the cobwebs from my brain, so as to remember where I may have seen this girl on some previous occasion; but as the evening wore on I had to confess to little success along that line.

Perhaps it would flash before me suddenly, as these little incidents and forgotten names often have a habit of doing, upon awakening in the morning. So I put it out of my mind, and managed to observe how young Richard was fairly devouring that pretty face with his eyes, when he imagined no one saw him, not suspecting that a mirror across the music room betrayed his every change of countenance.

I meant later on to make a few inquiries concerning what the Judge might know of the young man, and ascertain whether he had come with the proper credentials. This was not because I suspected he might be other than he seemed; but on account of the fact that sooner or later an attachment was bound to spring up between these two young people; and it was well that the Judge should not be caught napping. I sincerely hoped, for his sake as well as Richard's, that the manly looking young secretary would turn out to be all that could be desired, in so far as his family was concerned, as well as with regard to his own individual character.

Perhaps the talk about burglars may have worried the Judge a little, for he asked me to take a turn around with him when the time came for retiring, in order to make sure that the windows and doors were properly secured. I quickly showed him that a clever cracksman could open almost any window on either floor without much trouble.

"I'm considerably excorcised about what you have been telling me, Felix," the Judge went on to say, "and I think I shall have to fish my revolver out of my trunk. But I hope the necessity for using it will not come around, for I never aspired to the glory of filling a wretched thief full of lead."

When we got back to the music room I noticed that Richard and Janice had their heads pretty close together, while examining some new music that she had unearthed from the great collection left by the Pangborns, and which had descended with the mansion and furnishings to the new purchaser. The secretary hastened to widen the distance separating him from the Judge's adopted daughter and heiress, as he heard us approach; but my old friend seemed to be totally blind to the danger of having a young man for his assistant, throwing him into daily association with the pretty girl who some day would come into possession of his entire fortune.

Well, after all, it was none of my business; and I could only hope, for the Judge's future peace of mind, that young Selkirk would prove to be all that he ought to be in order to deserve the devotion of a young girl such as Janice appeared in my eyes.

It might even be that the old collector was not so blind as he made out to be, and not only knew of what was going on, but secretly approved of it. At any rate I determined not to say anything on that score until I was more certain of my ground. Perhaps the haunting fancy that I had seen Janice somewhere in the dim past had a little to do with my determination, for I found myself once more trying, tho without success, to conjure up the phantom and settle that question once and for all.

We chatted for some time further, until the hour of 10 having arrived, my host announced that as a rule the household always retired then. Being more or less in need of sleep myself, I greeted his announcement with satisfaction.

Janice was the first to go, and bade me good night with that same haunting look in her bonnie blue eyes that caused me to shake my head, and wonder if it was a mere resemblance to some one else that aroused this fancy in my mind or whether I had really met her somewhere in the past.

Saying good night to the Judge, who accompanied me to my door, I found myself in a most comfortable apartment, that plainly proved the former owner of the mansion to have been a man of means, and also good judgment in the selection of his furnishings.

Leisurely, I started to undress, and was just in the act of undoing my tie when I happened to notice that there was a photograph of some person fastened in a frame with glass in front of it, hanging on the farther wall of my room.

It turned out to be the picture of a dashing-looking young man, with a dark face and an athletic figure, and from this I judged that I was looking at one of the Pangborn boys, whose room this may have been in the days when he lived at home.

As I looked again something about the face struck me as familiar, and thrilled strangely by a sudden inspiration I examined the photograph closer. Yes, it must be the same reckless features which had often come back to remind me of a scene I had happened to witness just two years ago, in New York.

I stood there, stirred by an uneasy sense of some coming disaster to the peace of that little household, for there had also come back to me the recollection of where I had once looked on the fair sweet face of Janice, tho at that time it was anything but peaceful. For remarkable as it might appear, it had been in connection with my seeing this same young Pangborn that I had once before gazed into those blue orbs of Janice Stormways!

I had come home from abroad for some purpose connected with my estate, and was spending a week or two in the city before starting forth again on the world-wide journeyings which I had been at leisure to enjoy following my retirement from the bar.

When a man has hugged a hobby such as criminal investigation to his heart as I had, he is never at a loss for subjects upon whom to practice. Wherever humankind has its abode, there the mind of man works evil. And so, quite naturally, in "Little Old New York," I haunted the localities that had the hardest names on the blotters of the police records.

Yes, the picture arose before me as tho it had been painted on the tablets of my memory with indelible colors. It was in the slums of the great metropolis, where

want and misery rub elbows with crime; tho no one knew better than myself that even here it was possible to find many people who were strictly honest, only poverty-stricken and badly worsted in their fight for a decent living.

I had been idly wandering about, indulging in some of my speculations and, when the opportunity came about, asking questions of certain people who happened to interest me more than the general run. I was considering whether it would pay me to linger longer, as the hour was growing late, when I chanced to hear loud voices from some point close by, and desirous of observing another sad feature of this lower life, I pushed in that direction.

People were passing this way and that, and others besides myself hurried to gather close to where a man and a girl were disputing.

I could see that the young fellow was under the influence of liquor, and I guessed that he did not belong in this part of the city, for he was dressed as became the gentleman that his actions as loudly proclaimed he was not. He seemed to be endeavoring to force the girl to continue in his company, to which she as vigorously objected. I could see that her pretty face was a flame with anger, and even as I came up she struck him a sharp blow in the face, which act caused the crowd to clap their hands and laugh uproariously.

The young fellow became more furious than ever, in his half-drunken condition, and began to use more force in his endeavor to make the girl take his arm, which she may have dropped shortly before. And such was the fickle temperament of those who looked on that their sympathy swung around from the girl to the man, since it was now him whom they applauded.

But while I stood there, hardly knowing what it could mean, and wondering whether I dared take the chances of interfering, since possibly both man and girl would turn on me, as I had known to happen more than once, there appeared a rescuer in the shape of a brawny Irishman, who neatly floored the young scamp; whereat the girl fled without even thanking her champion.

And now, to think that I had met this identical girl under the palatial roof of my old friend, the wealthy Judge Stormways; yes, accepted as his adopted daughter, as well as heiress to his millions! No wonder I shook my head again and again, finding myself up against a stone wall that apparently could not be scaled.

Well, possibly on the morrow the genial Judge might think fit to take me more fully into his confidence, for he had hinted as much in speaking of Janice. Sitting there I racked my brain, weaving all manner of queer little romances in connection with the possible early life of Jacob Stormways. Perhaps there was a page turned down that the world had never read—perhaps this girl might, in truth, be his own child!

That struck me as so absurd that I chuckled aloud while considering it. Certainly there did not seem to be the slightest resemblance between their faces, for his was large and strong, while that of Janice was delicate and sweet, with blue eyes that were bound to riddle many a poor fellow's heart, until, as Shakespeare has it, the same would be useful only as a housewife's sieve.

Still, when I got to thinking matters over, I could see no reason why the girl may not have been as honest as the day, even tho poverty compelled her to live in that region where vice abounded. Surely no one could look into her eyes and see anything but candor and truth lying in those liquid wells of light.

Why, the very fact that she was desperately trying to break away from the attentions of that young scapegrace should strengthen such a theory. It may have been possible that up to then she had not realized his true nature, when some unguarded word had lifted the veil, revealing him in a new light and filling her with disgust and a desire to quit his company.

But was it young Pangborn?

It seemed no next to impossible that I again passed over to that photograph on the wall, and scanned it once more. I was convinced that I could hardly be mistaken, wonderful tho it might appear; for long habit in impressing human faces in all their various phases of passion on my mind had made me something of an adept in such matters, and where others might forget I seldom, if ever, did.

Then I branched off and took up another phase of the subject. If Janice had ever been in this room, formerly occupied by one of the Pangborn boys, surely she must have recognized the photograph, and have destroyed it, wishing never to see anything that would bring mind her of that sorrowful life of the past. So I concluded that she could not have entered here.

Doubtless she had never even known the real name of the young fellow whom I had seen in her company on that particular night. And to think of how she was now calmly finding happiness here, in his old home!

I began to fear that my old friend, the Judge, was bound to have some unpleasant experiences before a great while. I hoped that when the morrow came, and found him in a confidential mood, he would tell me more about Janice; who she was, and how he came upon her, for he had already given me to understand it had been in a strange manner.

Somehow about that time, realizing that I could not go beyond that line until I had a chance to pick up more accurate information, I allowed my thoughts to flit around to Richard Selkirk. The secretary interested me greatly, for something seemed to tell me that he, too, was carrying a secret locked in the recesses of his heart.

I had watched the various shades of emotion passing across his interesting face. Oh! yes, to be sure, he was already head over ears in love with Janice, but then there was something more than this occupying his thoughts. He looked at Judge Stormways, often with a slight frown on his forehead, as tho doubts had begun to assail him concerning the success of some project upon which he had embarked and which might have appeared very rosy at the time.

Richard Selkirk might not be all that he seemed, and yet I was positive his frank face was an index to fine character, and that he surely could not be plotting anything in the shape of evil against my old friend, unless stealing the affections of Janice was to be put into the category of crime.

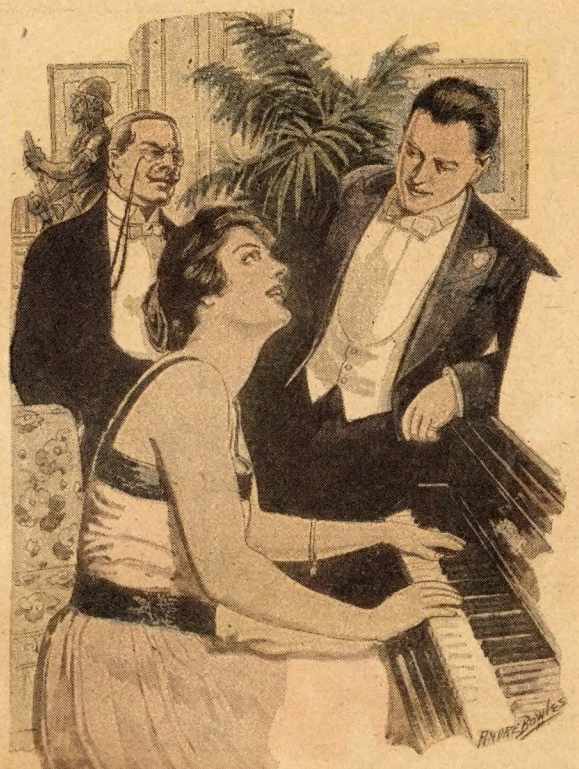
Altogether, I began to realize that altho I had been under that hospitable roof only a few hours, there had begun to loom up the nucleus of as strange a combination of mysteries as had ever crossed my path.

However, I concluded I had wrestled long enough with these things for one evening, and that I ought to dismiss all such matters for the time being, securing refreshment in sleep.

As I glanced from my window after putting out my light, I discovered that the moon was just peeping above the horizon and flooding the sleeping world with her pale light.

From some distant place I could hear the barking of an honest watchdog, possibly baying at the moon in the fashion his kind have ever done. Then came the repeated clarion call of a rooster in some neighboring yard, and I smiled to think how different these sounds were from the roar of a city, or the dead silence of a desert in northern Africa where I had lately been encamped with my faithful Arab guides and their camels.

So I fell asleep, for long ago I had found it possible resolutely to close my mind against all outside influences when the time was ripe for slumber.

Once I woke up and, after my habit, used my little electric torch kept within

It Also Gave Me an Opportunity to Study Her Face.

reach, to see the face of the clock that ticked on the mantel. It was just midnight; and, satisfied, I turned over, once more to lose myself in sleep.

So the time passed on. As my senses gradually lost their grip on things I thought I heard a slight tapping sound, which I imagined might be caused by rats, for the walls of these country houses are often honeycombed with the passages of rodents. It made no particular impression on my mind at the time.

Somewhat later, a sudden loud report, that only could come from a pistol shot, aroused me. I sat up in bed as tho impelled by powerful springs.

Even as I did so I became conscious of a wild cry that immediately followed the detonation of the firearm, a shriek that was as full of mortal anguish as anything I had ever heard in all my life.

It acted on me like an electric shock, for I jumped out on the floor and began to don the dressing-gown which the Judge had so kindly placed on a chair near the bed, at the same time finding the convenient slippers which I had made sure to fetch along with me.

There was only that one loud cry; and while I could hear a subdued murmur, it may have been caused by others moving about, awakened as I had been, and hastily endeavoring to clothe themselves so that they could appear before others. Quivering with suspense and a consciousness of impending calamity, I finally threw open the door of my room and stepped out into the hall.

The moon shone thru several windows in the upper hall, so that I was not compelled to grope my way along; and in this fashion I speedily drew near the head of the grand stairway.

Just then I became conscious of certain sounds ahead of me, as tho some one might be on the stairs, and breathing heavily. There was a figure on the first landing, part way down, which I quickly discovered to be that of the Judge, garbed in his bathrobe, and holding a bulldog revolver gripped in his hand.

Not wishing to be taken for a prowling burglar, I hastened to speak to him.

"Judge, what was it aroused me?" I asked; at which he started visibly, and turned his face in my direction; for he had been staring down toward the lower floor, as tho endeavoring to locate what lay before him, ere trusting himself to proceed further.

"I heard what seemed to be a shot and a cry!" he replied, in a strained manner, still breathing hard after the way large men addicted to asthma have. "After all our exciting talk about thieves and such unpleasant things, my first thought was that the house had been broken into; and as you see I snatched up a weapon after getting into my bathrobe, and sallied forth. But on second thought I was wondering just how safe it would be for me to pass on down stairs alone, when you spoke. Come, let us keep each other company, Felix."

"Then you also thought the sounds came from below, and not upstairs?" I asked, as I joined him on the landing.

"I couldn't tell you why I should think so," he replied, slowly; "but somehow it never occurred to me in any other way. Have you a different opinion, Felix? Do you think it possible that it sprang from one of the chambers on our floor?"

"While I am unable to tell you just why I should believe so," I went on to say, "I also jumped to the same conclusion you did. Yes, that shot and cry certainly welled up from downstairs."

Both of us looked over the banister, and doubtless wondered what we would find there when we went to investigate. And it is not surprising that my heart beat much faster than its wont, under the impulse of this new mystery that had arisen in the dead of night, under the roof of the Pangborn mansion.

"If there was some one down there, it seems quiet now, Judge," I remarked, after we had stood there irresolutely for a few seconds longer, and listened intently.

"As still as death," he muttered; and then seemed to shiver for some reason or other; after which he must have summoned his resolution to the fore, since he proceeded to take a step downward.

The lower hall was but dimly lighted by such of the moon's rays as managed to steal in past the drapery of the wide window; but I could see well enough to make sure that there was nothing of an alarming nature there, no crouching figure of midnight thief waiting to waylay us.

"The front doors are closed, and secured, you notice, Felix?" said the Judge, as tho he fancied this fact might in the end have more or less bearing on the solution of some mystery.

I had taken note of that same fact myself, as I glanced around; for there were few things that escaped my scrutiny, as a general rule.

At the foot of the staircase the Judge turned to head for the large living-room where most of his art treasures were gathered, awaiting their turn at being classified and catalogued thru the combined labors of the owner, his secretary and his adopted daughter. And I realized that it was only natural for him to think of going there first of all; since "where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be also." Besides, as far as I could roughly judge, the alarming sounds that had awakened me must have sprung from just about this quarter.

The door of the living-room was ajar, and yet I could take my oath that the Judge had carefully closed the same at the time we left it for the music room; and afterwards no one, so far as I could recollect, had ventured to enter there, up to the time we passed upstairs, laughing and talking as we went.

"Felix, do you take note of this, that after my carefully closing the door we find it open now?" asked the new owner of the house, pointing as he spoke; and so I told him that I had just been wondering myself how it came.

"Let us go in and learn the truth," said the Judge, as he drew a long breath, after which he pushed the door farther open.

It seemed to strike against something, for he was obliged to exert considerable force before he could make a passage. Thru this both of us glided, fairly holding our breath in anticipation of some grewsome discovery; for somehow I had a suspicion as to the nature of the impediment which he had been compelled to push along the floor ere the door would open fairly wide.

I heard the Judge give a gasp, as he entered just ahead of me. No sooner had I pushed past the portal than my gaze was directed toward the floor where the Judge already was staring, bound as by a spell. First of all, I made out a huddled-up figure that could be nothing more nor less than the body of a man. He seemed to have fallen on his face, for it was his back upon which we looked; and both arms were outstretched above his head, as tho they might have been wildly thrown out to seek support at the second he was stricken down.

There was something more. Lying upon the floor was a small hand electric torch of a different make from the one which I owned, with the glow still turned on. The shaft of white light crossed the room and disclosed the yawning mouth of the good old-fashioned fireplace, which was a part of the large apartment, and in which no doubt the flames had many a time crackled and roared at Christmas merrymakings; now, however, it was an empty, black void.

I stooped over and possessed myself of the light, which I turned upon the silent figure lying there.

As I did so the Judge hoarsely broke the silence that had fallen upon us.

"He has been shot, Felix, you can see; for notice the blood upon the floor; but who on earth could have done this terrible thing? All of us were asleep in our beds when it occurred. Could there have been two of the burglars, and is

this tragedy the result of a falling out over the division of the loot?"

The idea seemed far-fetched to me, tho there was always a possibility that such a thing may have happened.

"What is this?" I asked, turning the light so that it was brought to a focus on some bulky object close to where the unknown man lay so still.

"It seems to be a package he was doing up when this happened," the Judge observed as he proceeded to undo it, thus disclosing many of his choicest treasures, such as might be carried away most easily, as well as disposed of with some degree of security. "Well, whoever the wretched thief may be, he certainly used rare judgment in picking over my valuables, for he seems to have selected only the finest of the lot. Do you think it possible, Felix, that he may have accidentally shot himself? Could such a thing happen, can you imagine?"

The Judge put this question to me in an eager, almost pleading tone, as tho it would solve the puzzle in a most satisfactory manner, and relieve his mind of certain fears that may already have begun to find lodgment there.

"If such a thing had happened, Judge," I went on to say, slowly and seriously, "the chances are we should see the weapon with which it had been brought about either clasped in his hand, or lying here on the floor; and you notice that neither of these seem to be so."

"True, Felix, you can see further in these things than I seem able to," he muttered; "but another thing seems strange to me. Do you notice how he is dressed, more as you might expect to see a gentleman than a common burglar?"

"All of which is quite true, Judge," I told him; "but in these latter days we have been having an eruption of gentlemen burglars after the style of Raffles; and it may be that this fellow is of that order. Suppose I turn him over, and we can see what he looks like, as well as ascertain where he was shot."

"Do so, Felix; you have accustomed yourself to scenes of violence; while for me, I have never been fully able to overcome my aversion to such things as tragedies. Yes, let us see what this strange intruder in my house looks like."

I handed him the little torch, and bending down, proceeded to roll the unknown over on his back. There was a thrill in the very touch of his person, but I had long ago learned how to steel my nerves against any show of aversion in cases of this sort.

The man was undoubtedly dead, for as I exerted myself to roll him over, it was an inert mass that I moved.

No sooner had I done so than the Judge eagerly turned the glow of the little hand torch full upon the white face of the man who had met with such a mysterious fate while apparently in the act of robbing the curio collector.

I had another thrill, all right, as soon as I fixed my gaze upon that face; for beyond question it was the same as that of the photograph hanging upon the wall of my sleeping apartment; and I had already decided that young Pangborn must be the dissipated young fellow whom I had seen quarreling with the girl, Janice, on a street in the slums of New York just two years back!

The magnitude of my discovery struck me fairly dumb, and for a full minute I could only stand there and stare at that ghastly face.

Even the shrewd legal mind of Felix Jasper is baffled by the growing mystery of Oscar Pangborn's death. Clew after clew is tested with merciless precision. You may guess the answer; if you do, you will have matched wits with an expert criminologist and won. Try it in next week's installment.

Bolshevik Ideals.

SCHUYLER MERRITT, the new Congressman from Stamford, Conn., said at a dinner:

"As one of the heads of a large manufacturing concern, I am much interested in the Bolshevik propaganda among the Russian factories.

"I am afraid the Bolshevik ideas won't go. I heard the other day of a Russian employer who said mildly to a delegation of striking Bolshevik hands:

"'I can understand your demands for an increase of 900 per cent in wages, but why do you insist on my reducing your hours of work from ten a day to two?'

"A young Bolsheviki struck his employer jovially on the back.

"'We've got to have time,' he laughed, 'to spend our increased wages, haven't we?'"

After the Quarrel.

THE, little town was all excitement. Corncini's Magnificent Circus was coming. The chief attraction of the circus was the cage in which the lion lay down with the lamb. An old gentleman started asking questions.

"Do these two never quarrel?" he asked.

"Well," admitted the proprietor, "they are not always peaceful. Sometimes they have a bit of a scrap."

"And then?"

"Oh, then," said the proprietor, "we generally 'as to buy another lamb!"

This Is the Second Installment of

The Avenger on Helgoland

By Frank E. Channon

Read This First!

A BRITISH destroyer has rescued the lamp-tender of the Helgoland light station from an overturned dory in the North Sea, and the authorities have held him prisoner with a view to finding some one enough like him to impersonate him and so act as a spy on that island. They find such a one in Allison Kerr, an American, who, despondent over the loss of his wife at sea thru the torpedoing of an Atlantic liner, courts death and a chance to smash back at the Huns. Kerr is dropped overboard 1,500 yards from Helgoland and swims the intervening distance to the island, where he succeeds in passing himself off as the missing lamp-tender. He has instructions to get in touch with another English spy on the island, known as Weiss.

The above will enable you to go on with this exciting story. Back copies containing the earlier chapters can be obtained from our agents or newsdealers or thru our office. The story began in Ledger No. 18, May 4th.

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THE second day after his promotion Kerr in the leisure hours of the forenoon endeavored to obtain as much first hand information as possible by making a complete survey of the island. He wandered around the rough, triangular rock of red and white sandstone and blue-gray limestone. There were many places where it was "verboten," but he acquired a very fair idea of the general lay of the land and its massive defenses.

It was an amazing, an awe-inspiring sight that presented itself to him. The Oberland was practically encased in armor. Concrete, steel, armor plates and granite were all utilized in this huge island fortress. Great buttresses supported the rocky cliffs, and massive bulwarks reared themselves in parapets, behind which lurked artillery of fourteen, sixteen, and even eighteen-inch caliber, mounted on disappearing mechanism. In front of these, guns of lesser weight poked their long, inquiring noses out from armored casements.

Into these defenses he was, of course, not permitted to go. It was also "verboten" to enter the vast labyrinth of underground works honeycombing the rocks.

The stretch of sand comprising the Unterland on the south was open to him, however, and he descended the long flight of steps to the golden beach.

Here a great modern harbor had been constructed. Several long piers reached out far toward the German coast, and swaying around them, stretching far out, the might of the German navy lay at anchor, protected from the northern gales, ready to steam out at an hour's notice. To the far east a fleet of over one hundred steam trawlers was moored, and farther out a vast semicircle of destroyers, torpedo boats and submarines formed an outer fringe.

Using the powerful glasses furnished him at the light station, Kerr, retracing his steps, gazed far out to the north from the summit of the Oberland. The North Sea lay before him. Not a British ship as far as the horizon stretched was in sight. Kerr had imagined the British ships as grouped around the island, watching and waiting for their foe to dash out, just as he had read in past days of Nelson's "wooden walls" cruising up and down off the French coast, holding the enemy bottled up in Brest or Cherbourg. Very different, however, appeared to be this vast naval war. Distance here, as everywhere else in modern times, appeared to be set at naught. Somewhere, far out—twenty-five, thirty or forty miles away, were the first outposts of the British Grand Fleet, connected with their capital ships by an intricate system of communications.

Leaning over the sea wall, gazing far out to the friendly northwest, the spy cogitated. He went very carefully over his instructions. Then he commenced to formulate some plan of action based on conditions as he found them on the island. First, of course, he must get in touch with his fellow spy. Here things were very vague. He knew the man was somewhere around him, and he possessed his signals and passwords, but even the British authorities were not aware in what position their agent was serving. Information had come in from him to them by a flashlight system, the messages being received aboard fast chasers standing close in on dark nights, but from what point he operated Kerr did not know.

Two big Zeppelins circled overhead, followed by a small squadron of Taubes and some newer war-planes. He watched them as they lay a course far out to the north. The planes disappeared, tiny specks in the blue; the Zeppelins merged hazily into the sky. Then a fleet of destroyers maneuvered far out at sea. They steamed at a terrific clip, forming in line ahead, double columns and en echelons. They dashed thru a nerve-racking exhibition of the gridiron movement; they opened up in long formation, and converged with dazzling speed, appearing almost to graze one another, as they slipped into their appointed stations.

Suddenly He Was Staggered by Hearing Himself Addressed in English.

"Some evolutions," muttered Kerr, watching them thru his glasses from the shelter of a sixteen-foot buttress that towered up out of the booming breakers at the base. "Yes," he resumed, taking up his thread of thought, "yes, I must get in touch with Weiss first. Wonder what the chap's real name is? Doesn't matter, tho; he's Weiss to me. Now, how?"

He made his way back to the station, deep in thought. He was on duty that night at the light from dusk till dawn, relieving Heinrich, who had stood guard during the daylight hours. But the next day he again sauntered down to the Unterland sands and loafed about the piers, getting in conversation with rugged-looking parties of bluejackets on shore leave from their ships. Once here he slipped into serious difficulties, and only rapid thinking saved the spy from what might easily have been a fatal blunder.

He was fraternizing with a little party of stokers from one of the new battle cruisers. They had been out the morning before, and Kerr, with well-simulated curiosity, was endeavoring to find out where. Most of the party were not at all sure. They had been down below during the entire trip.

"Here comes the skipper's yeoman. He stood on the fo'ward bridge for hours 'longside the old man; he knows where we went. He comes from thy home, too—from the Norderneys—and will like a chat with thee—Oh, Hoffer, come here!"

And Hoffer started to come!

It would never do to meet the fellow, for Kerr had about as much knowledge of the Norderneys, where he was supposed to have been born, as he had of the inside of a whale.

Quick work was needed to save the situation. Kerr worked at rapid-fire gait. He advanced rapidly with outstretched hand and beaming features to meet the approaching yeoman. Then he happened to glance over his shoulders towards the light station far above him.

"Verdammt!" he cursed. "They're calling me back." He glanced hurriedly at the absent Rheinhard's big silver key-winder. The salt water had stopped it running, but that mattered not. "Gott, I'm eight minutes over leave now!" he exclaimed, excitedly, starting on a dead run for his station. "Come ashore tomorrow, brother," he called back over his shoulders; "I'll try to be down here earlier."

"No more shore leave for seven days," one of the bluejackets yelled back, laughing at the racing Kerr.

The incident served to make the American more cautious, and he learned all he could about the Norderney Isles and the lighthouse there. He was afraid, too, to visit the sands and harbor for a few days after that escape, for he feared he might again meet his supposed neighbor "from home." But this turned out to be fortunate, and caused him to stumble across the first practicable idea of a means of communication with the British.

He had snatched a hasty nap after Heinrich's relief in the early morning, and then drifted across the Oberland, apparently with unseeing eyes. At one point on the left flank of the cliff, facing northeast, the buttress came to an acute angle. The cliffs fell sheer away from it with but slight indentation. It was very quiet at this spot, and Kerr, leaning over the parapet, gazed far down into the breaking sea. A sentry was approaching. Kerr waited for him. He was a marine from the 1st Island Brigade. He eyed the American carefully.

"Lighthouse service?" he demanded, noting Kerr's uniform.

The spy nodded: "First lamp-tender," he replied.

The sentry chatted a few moments, then resumed his beat, leaving Kerr gazing out aimlessly seaward. His attention had been arrested by the more than usually violent inrush of the breakers at a point almost beneath him. They appeared to be sucked up and then expelled, instead of vainly beating as at other points. He fell to hazarding the chances of a successful descent, and presently when the marine was well along on his beat, the American leaped lightly to the summit of the buttress, and scrambling down, stood with nothing between him and the

North Sea. He was on a narrow, three-[illegible] He nonchalantly stretched himself along it and carefully peering over, looked into the surf. He remained in that position some time. Then he heard the sound of the sentry's approaching steps, and remained perfectly still as the man passed on the other side of the wall. As soon as it was safe again he crawled as near as he dared, and lying flat on his stomach, studied carefully the distance below.

"A devilish hard climb," he mused. But with the aid of a rope secured to the wall he felt he might be able to make the descent. The wall was of concrete, secured by heavy iron bands every few feet, and on these slight projectures he thought his feet might find a lodgment. He had some conception of what he might be able to do should he find the descent and ascent possible, and after some painstaking observations, he crawled back over the parapet and continued his stroll across the Oberland.

On his return to the tower he had some conversation with his assistant. "See here, Heinrich," he growled, "I've a notion to let you have the night watch this evening. It isn't a fair division for one of us to always have the night and the other the day. We'll turn about and take week on and week off just as sure as you can handle the lamp all right. I'd like to get some night sleep; the day's all right, but you don't rest like you do at night."

"Yes," replied his amiable assistant. "I am willing any time, and I think I can handle things as well as you; besides, I can call you if I get into trouble."

"Surely you may," agreed Kerr. "Well, night after this we'll make the change, and then shift about again."

"Will you speak to the Herr Lieutenant about it?" asked the man.

"Yes," said Kerr, but he didn't.

Five other men occupied the sleeping-room under the tower, and three of these were already turned in when the spy went to his bunk the next evening. The other two were on duty around the station. Kerr had acquired the reputation of being a surly fellow. He was not popular with his mates, and conversation lagged soon after his entrance.

In less than an hour the spy was assured that his companions were asleep, and cautiously arising he crept, shoes in hand, outside. He carried something else besides his shoes—a coil of stout rope.

[illegible]

He fully realized the [illegible] He was to undertake. He had determined to venture expressly to take them. If it was death he sought, surely here he should have every chance of meeting him—[illegible] a spy with his back to the wall. But death, like all bullies, as if realizing he was hunted by a determined and desperate man, dodged aside. To have been met and stopped at this hour of the night, rope in hand, headed for the cliffs would have taken a lot of explaining [illegible] it would have meant the nipping [illegible] of his plans and—the firing squad.

But Kerr reached the buttress angle on the tall cliffs without meeting a soul. He arrived opportunely, too, for he discerned in the blackness that was now and again swept by the great light from a nearby casement, the two sentries meet, and each turn about for his prescribed beat.

Then without a second's hesitation the spy slipped into the angle, leaped the parapet and crouched against its projection on the farther side.

The breeze was stiff from the north-east, beating full upon him. He could hear, far below, the breakers lashing their boundaries and booming into the night; their drenching spray sent the salt to his lips. He wasted no time. With deft fingers, in pursuance of his well-thought-out plan, he slip-knotted the rope to one of the iron supports. He cast loose the free end and lowered it with cautious hands. Then he gripped it and swung himself off into the blackness.

Down, down he went, hand over hand, his feet now and again finding a temporary rest on the encircling bands of concreting, embracing steel. It seemed a long way down. Above and beneath him was a great darkness. He clutched, struggling, to the rope. Would he never reach bottom?

Then he felt the scrunching shingles under his feet. An inrushing wave tore down and smothered him with foam and spray. He hung on to the rope, steadying himself and recovering his breath, then retreated as far as possible under the cliffs.

They went in much farther than he had supposed, and presently, with groping fingers, he made the discovery that a considerable portion of the concrete filling had been washed away, affording the shelter of a small cave. The wash-out was perhaps nine feet in depth. The Germans had scientifically treated the whole of the island, filling in where the ocean had wrenched away. Here the sea had won back its own for a little space. Now Kerr understood the reason for the peculiar sucking-in and expulsion of the waves he had noted from above. He crept in and felt, rather than saw, his surroundings.

"By Gum, what luck!" he muttered. "The very place! I wonder if the tide comes in? Can't, tho; it's within an hour of full now."

He pawed about for a while, and then, almost reluctantly, for he knew the risks, flashed his pocket torch, and made sure of his surroundings.

"Now, then," he mused, "if our boys and the British are game to stand in close enough, I can mount my light here and give them their dope. I'll be nabbed sooner or later, of course, but it may go thru for a time."

He made some careful measurements, shielding his light with his hands. The cave was a full nine feet in depth. The major part of the filling had been swept away; he could keep well under cover, and any operations he might undertake from here would be unobserved from above. Only from the sea was there danger. His plan was to mount here a signal light and to convey his information in code, as agreed upon. The American and British patrol boats and destroyers were to stand in as close as possible and to pick up his messages. This might answer for a time, but as Kerr foresaw, it was only a matter of chance months, perhaps weeks, before some German patrol boat would see his flares, and then—then the jig would be up. Yet this was how the other fellow—this Weiss—was getting in his information, and he had been doing it for over four months, so they told him. He must try to discover Weiss soon. He was very sure of that. Two heads were better than one, and Weiss must have made discoveries—have gained some experience [illegible] time.

Kerr made some [illegible] minute observations, he convinced himself that the farthest recess of the washout was only invaded by breakers at the highest tides, and even then only slightly. He paced out the distance, determined the breadth,

Far Out Over the Black Churning Waters There Appeared a Small Red Disc.

then, carefully listening for any sounds from above, commenced the ascent.

It was difficult, extremely difficult, but Kerr was an old mountaineer. He had made the ascent of The Matterhorn twice, and many of the rocky peaks were his holiday playgrounds. He slipped the knotted end of the dangling rope around his waist, then grasping the slack, drew it tight.

He listened again before commencing the ascent. Between the booms of the breakers he caught the sound of footfalls above, and waited until their lessening sound told him the coast was clear. Then, bracing his feet against the cliff and swinging out, he went up hand over hand. The steel braces made most acceptable resting-stages, and in less than five minutes' climbing he stood again beneath the cover of the parapet. Far off he heard the regular tramp of feet. There was ample time. He leaped the wall, leaned back and detached his rope, coiling it tightly and concealing it beneath his tunic. Then he walked away into the night.

Far off at the other end of the island he saw the blinding shaft from the Oberland illuminating the harbor with steady glare. Heinrich was on his job all right. Now to get back without detection.

By steeping the old silver timepiece over the fumes of kerosene he had succeeded in getting it to run again, and now he noted the time—twenty minutes past 1. If he could reach his bunk safely, there would still be time for a refreshing nap before he relieved Heinrich. There was danger in every second of time he walked the rock at night. Any moment he might be challenged. He smiled rather grimly. Anyway, it was more interesting than seeking death at the muzzle of a self-pointed [illegible]-shooter. There was always the enticing chance of making a big coup, too.

He reached the tower; waited with the cunning of the game stalker for the sentry to give him his chance, and then slipped in unobserved. Down the steep concrete steps he crawled, and had almost reached the door of the bunk room when he was brought to an abrupt halt by coming into violent collision with some one. His first thought was to conceal that coil of rope. He slung it across the floor, hoping it might reach shelter under his bunk. Then he swore angrily.

"Wer ist es?" demanded the unknown.

"Rheinhard," growled the spy. "Where the devil is the water cask? I'm parched. Who are you?"

"Wish you two would get your drinks and stow your gab," growled one of the men from his bunk. "The cask's in the same place it always is, in the corner."

"By G—d, it seems all corner tonight," muttered Kerr, cursing heartily.

He found the thirst quencher a moment later, and then groping back to his cot, stumbled over the coil of rope halfway across the room. He gathered it up and took it to bed with him. Four minutes later he was sound asleep.

Not so with the man with whom he had collided, however. He lay awake into the early morning light, turning over and over in his mind the incident of the night's meeting with Kerr. With the first rays of morning from the small glass skylight, he propped himself up in his cot, and intently watched the sleeping American.

Kerr in his slumbers had been restive, and had half thrown off his coverings, disclosing a hairy chest, across which three inches of something pliable lay like a snake.

It was the end of the rope.

The man in the cot opposite carefully studied the features of the sleeper. A moment later Kerr drew the coverings up over him. The watcher turned on his side, but still lay there scrutinizing the sleeping American.

Was Kerr now asleep, tho?

The sun beamed out with all the brilliance of a May morning, and with its advent distrust and suspicion appeared to vanish. It was but the appearance, tho, for two men as they dressed in the small underground bunk room beneath the Oberland light tower, watched each other covertly, stealthily, like two tigers locked in the same cage.

Kerr had never seen this new man before. He had been transferred from another station on the island only that day. He did not even know his name. His suspicions were keenly aroused. The stranger appeared to be taking a tremendous amount of interest in him, but always his observations were taken from cover, and when Kerr turned on him and sought to read his face, he avoided him. He had an unpleasant sensation of being watched—watched from cover.

He went to his station in the lamp-room feeling ill at ease. All day long as he stood his watch there above the rock, with the smooth rollers breaking on the sands far below him, he was moody and glum, and now and again his hand stole to the little bulk that nestled in his hip pocket.

He made up his mind that if detection came and arrest were attempted, he would make a hot fight, taking along with him into the land of shadows, as a guard of honor, as many of his foes as possible. "Much preferable to the delay of a firing party," he muttered, with a grim smile.

But all that day he worked feverishly with cunning fingers on a collapsible object—an object that, when Heinrich came into the room, he carefully tucked away in his locker, and always he locked the locker.

At noontide when he ate in the common mess room below, he sat next to the man with whom he had collided in the night, and Kerr became unusually gay. He and the new man laughed together over their accident of the night. The fellow showed a bruised forehead where it had come in contact with the American's.

"I have nothing to show. My head is harder than thine," exulted Kerr.

"It is a second trial I will want before I acknowledge that," retorted the new man.

Their eyes met for a brief second; but a very brief one—then each went his way.

There was excitement on the island that day, for during the darkness two destroyers had come in—a Zeppelin, too—all from different points, and all with stories of having been in contact with the foe's patrol ships standing in unusually close—much closer than had been their habit. A large flotilla of destroyers flying the Stars and Stripes had been sighted proceeding at a great pace toward the Dutch coast. Kerr gathered up this information in little chats with many different men.

Later, after his relief, he smoked around the harbor on the south; he observed signs of great activity aboard the fast, heavy ships. Steam was up and they were evidently ready to proceed to the open on a moment's notice. Not a jackie was ashore from all the fleet.

The spy became more than usually interested. Evidently some big event was pending.

The pier on the far east was open to any men on the island. He strolled out along it. There was a great pile of lumber at the far end, and masses of naval stores banked up high. Behind this he sought shelter from observation, and commenced carefully to scrutinize the activity of the battle cruisers.

Evidently something of great importance was up. They had formed up in line ahead and already the foremost leviathan was slowly nosing its way ahead. The next in line took up the formation and followed majestically. He leaned over from his concealment and sought to read the names on their sides. He noted their high double-tiered turrets fore and aft and confidently made up his mind that their main battery was composed of sixteen-inchers. The ten broadside casements appeared to mount five-inch pieces. The gun crews were securing and swinging them in—no, they were six-inch caliber, and there were twelve each side, not ten; the fore and aft ones were double-tiered.

He stopped and turned about. An uncomfortable feeling of being watched stole over him. He glanced suspiciously around, and as he pierced the gates above him he was staggered to find himself gazing into a pair of eyes that were watching him with eager interest!

It was like a knock-out blow. Kerr steadied himself. Nothing to be gained by getting rattled. All his information had been mentally absorbed; he had made no notes of any kind. The watcher had nothing on him. But—he was being watched! Why? By whom? There were two courses he might adopt. He might ignore the sneaker altogether, or he might carry the discovery off nonchalantly. A third presented itself to his mind; he might pull his gun and bore holes in those watching eyes. That, of course, would create commotion, and probably bring matters to a head immediately. It would take a lot of explaining away.

It was a time for quick decision. Kerr decided to adopt the first alternative. He would pretend he had not seen the fellow. He yawned and stretched himself. Suddenly he was staggered by hearing himself addressed in aristocratic English:

"Bunk away now, but get down to the shingles as soon as you can tonight."

The request came in a whisper, and after a very short pause continued with the singular assertion: "King David wrote the Psalms."

"And King Solomon the Proverbs," instantly replied Kerr. "Probably it will be 11 before I am there. How will you get down?"

"Use your rope after you. Don't splutter any more. God save the King."

"And hang the crier," finished the American, reverently, sauntering carelessly away.

He heaved a great sigh of relief. The eyes into which he had been gazing had been those of the new man at the tower

—the man with whom he had collided in the night, and in an instant Kerr had known the truth. The signs and passwords had told him. This was Weiss—no foe, but the agent of the British government, his colleague, his fellow spy. A friend, not an enemy!

Kerr felt as tho a great weight had been suddenly lifted from him. Since last night he had been laboring under its depression. Now it was suddenly removed, and he breathed freely. He had a comrade, a helper, and there was important work to be done now—immediately. Something was happening—events were impending; he! must get word. Here was some one to assist him; some one who had been here longer; who knew more. There was strength, joy, inspiration in the comforting knowledge. That short, dramatic incident had braced up and acted as a cold shower bath to his overwrought nerves. He was ready for business.

He sauntered leisurely along, talking to any with whom he chanced to make acquaintance, picking up all he could. When he arrived at the station he was in possession of some certain knowledge. A squadron of eight swift capital ships, attended by a destroyer flotilla and a strong air service division, was going out on the morrow. For what work he had been unable to learn, but the inference was plainly in favor of a raid on the British coast. Perhaps Weiss might know something about this. That night he would meet him at the rendezvous. Evidently Weiss knew where this was. That much had been plain: "Get down to the shingles as soon as you can tonight." Those had been the Britisher's instructions. He would find him waiting there. The joy of action, of "something doing," was filling Kerr with delight.

He went thru the day as best he could, and the friendly night came. It found him again on the shingles beneath the granite overhang. It was the same close shave in getting past the patrolling marine sentry, but he made it, and immediately busied himself with the little object he had brought with him, stuffed inside his tunic.

He listened expectantly for any sound. At any moment he might expect the descent of Weiss. He had been at work but a short time when he detected sounds from above, and a violent swaying of the rope indicated that some one was coming down.

Kerr prepared for any eventuality. Ceasing his work, he stood revolver in hand, ready to challenge.

It was an inky night, and the form was upon him almost before he realized it. A muttered password told him all was right. A second later Weiss touched the sands and stood before him.

"Bah Jove," growled the newcomer, as his fingers sought Kerr's, "a bally close shave, old man; just got past the beggar by a hair." His tones were those of the British university man. "How long have you been here?" he added.

"Ten minutes."

They exchanged a few words and both knew that all was well. Then without any further preamble the American suggested: "Let's get down to business. You know they are going out tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow evening," corrected the other. "They leave at dusk and make a fast run for Newcastle-on-Tyne. Strike it early next morning and get back same day if they can. They take eight heavy cruisers, three protected ones and fifteen destroyers, all twenty-five knots or better. Scouts ahead are Zepps and planes. They are to destroy the Armstrong works there if they can, and are prepared to risk a scrap to get there, too. I believe," he added, "that they will be supported by ships of the line, for I've noted ten of the capital ships making preparation. Couldn't find that out, tho."

"You've got it down finer than I have," admitted Kerr.

"I've been gathering it up for the last ten days, pretty well, and I've been watching you, too, since you came here, but haven't had a chance to chum up to you. I got word you were coming, but you played your part so d—d well that I thought you were one of them at first."

"Same here," admitted Kerr. "You gave me a great scare last night and particularly this morning. I had serious thoughts of letting some daylight into you when I first caught you sneaking on me today. Now, what's your plan for getting out this information?"

"Have you been further along?" inquired the Britisher.

"No. I only discovered this place a night or so ago. I was intending to get back inside there and use this flasher—" he displayed his small lantern, the object on which he had been working so industriously—"hoping some ship might catch up the flashes."

"Follow me, old man. I'll show you 'my den.'"

Without another word, he led the way along the scant margin of shingles, with the incoming tide racing to his feet. It was black as sin, and Kerr placed his hands upon his companion's shoulders.

"Get your feet wet here, but can't help it," apologized the Britisher, as he waded out and rounded a sharp corner. "Now, in here, and bend low, old man."

They stood inside another washout where the cement had been dislodged by the constant activity of the breakers. The entrance was very small, but once inside, Kerr felt a gradual widening out, and was aware that he stood inside a considerable cavity. Now and again the salt spray blew in upon them.

"There's over an hour yet before our patrol is due," went on Weiss. "They stand in on the full tide every second night, fair or foul; was that your instruction?"

"My only arrangement was to get in touch with you and them as soon as possible. They said they stood in nearly every night if they could, and the signal was—" He leaned over and whispered in his companion's ear.

"Exactly, and it's most devilish hard to detect, too. Some nights I cawn't catch it at all, you know, and several times after I've got the beggars, something happens in a hurry apparently, for they drop all and run right out again. It was most d—d mystifying last time, I had them all right and was talking to them when they dropped me like a hot penny—bah Jove, I lost no time in getting back to quarters, I'll wager you. Now, here's my little winker. We'll drop the sacking so we can look the little beauty over. I'm awfully proud of it."

Weiss carefully covered up the small aperture of the cave's mouth with several thicknesses of sacking, and then lit a small bull's-eye. By its illumination Kerr was able to make out a British field service heliograph, connected with a wet battery.

"Excellent," he muttered. "Beats mine all hollow. Did you bring it here or make it?"

"Why—I er—I found it here in this washout, where I was instructed to look. Yes, this has much greater distance than yours. Now, note the attachment." He affixed to the face of the search a long cardboard tube, narrowing endwards. "That light point is visible only when our men get inside a limited area—just here." He exhibited a roughly drawn chart, and indicated a small pencil dot. "It lessens the chances of discovery, you know, considerably. Our chaps know exactly where to pick it up, and the Hun must happen to fall afoul of that exact spot before they see it."

"I have that chart, too," observed Kerr.

"Keep your oil search here," resumed Weiss, "and in case my electric throws fits, we can fall back on yours. Tuck it under the rock here. That's it. Now, let's get our message ready."

Carefully, by the light of their small bull's-eye, the two spies went over their information, crouching down on the shingles and speaking in the same guarded whispers that had marked all their conversation. Outside was to be heard only the booming of the surf and the backward and forward swirl of the pebbles.

It was twenty minutes later when they finally drew up their cipher, couched in the fewest possible words, abrupt and definite.

Kerr looked at his watch. "Thirty-one minutes yet," he whispered. "I'll take my stand at the peep and watch for them. They may come in before time."

"All serene. When you get them, pull the sacking back just long enough for me to get my winks in. The longer we take to do it the greater the risks."

They sat silently for some time, then hoarsely the American whispered: "There she goes now!"

Far, far out, over the black, churning waters, there appeared for one brief instant a small red disc.

It was gone instantly, succeeded by a pitchy blackness.

Simultaneously with the appearance of the red signal Kerr whipped back the curtain, and a succession of rapid clicks told that Weiss was at work.

A momentary cessation, and then the pin-head of fire showed afar off in the night.

"Right," snapped Weiss, and Kerr flung back the sacking. Both men drew long breaths. "They got it all serene. Lucky we were waiting for the beggars before time. Chaps here will get the surprise of their lives when they go out tomorrow. Say," he demanded, enthusiastically, "can't you imagine it now" Our information is being sent now. In a very short time our ships will commence to move. Some plan will be developed, and these d—d Huns will be caught in their little raiding expedition. Can't you——"

"Let's cover up our tracks and get back at once," suggested the practical American, commencing to crawl out.

They carefully concealed their flashlights, and taking down the sacking, buried it in the sands at the rear of the cave. Then they fumbled their way back to where the rope dangled from the cliffs.

"You up first; don't wait for me; get right back. I'll follow fifteen minutes later," counseled Kerr. He gave his companion a boost, and a moment later the wriggling form of the Englishman was swallowed up in the gloom, as he climbed upward.

Kerr pulled a big, black cigar from the inner pocket of his tunic, and commenced a savage dry smoke. Above him all was quiet. Apparently Weiss had reached the summit and made his way off undetected.

For some minutes Kerr remained there. Then he cast into the sea the chewed-up cigar and, moistening his hands, commenced the ascent hand over hand.

He listened attentively as he neared the top. Far off he heard the approaching sentry's steps, but they were very distant. There was time for him to make his landing and get away. He struggled up, unloosed the rope, crammed it inside his tunic, and slunk away like a thief into the night.

Far off the great light from the tower searched the waters. Heinrich was at his post. Another blinding light was searching the sea to the north. Beyond, all was inkiness. Kerr slunk along with noiseless feet, and presently reached his quarters without incident. He removed his boots and crept into bed.

Two long snores and a sleepy cough told him Weiss was already in his

"Gott straf Sie!" is the slogan in Helgoland when the British get thru with that German raiding squadron, and now the Avenger, encouraged, improves his stride. The next installment of this story will leave you breathing fast.

Camouflaged as a Sandbag, He Spied on Huns

THIS is the story of Owen B. Jones, New York lawyer, who served with the Canadians in France but now is in this country recuperating from shrapnel wounds in the hip which have left his right leg stiff and almost useless. Jones performed a "comeback" feat which probably has not been equaled in this war. He was a lieutenant and became noted for his daring. He worked several nights cutting German wire and on one of these nights, wet and exhausted, he took a drink of rum and collapsed. His men brought him in, he was court-martialed and dismissed from the Army. He re-enlisted as a private and worked his way back to a commission.

There is a story in this itself, but this is another. It is the story of how he disguised himself as a bag of sand, worked into the German trench defense and, camouflaged as part of their parapet, got information which proved extremely valuable to the British, and won for himself a Distinguished Conduct Medal.

The Germans in massed formation had wrested from the Canadians three lines of trenches and had held them. Patrol after patrol had been sent out in an effort to learn what the Germans were doing, whether they were preparing another attack or to strengthen their newly won positions. The patrols had returned empty-handed and Jones asked a chance to try his luck. He had conceived the idea that as most patrol work was done at night, he might outwit the Huns by going out in No Man's Land during the daytime.

Up to the time Jones was asked to try his hand at this scouting, all attempts at gleaning knowledge of military value had been made under cover of night. He decided he might set the Huns guessing if he tried it by day.

One morning, alone, at 6:40, he contrived to squirm himself among broken tree trunks, unnoticed, into a shell hole close up against a Hun sandbag barrier. In the shell hole he found five dead Canadians and six dead Germans, some results of the Hun drive to capture the three lines of trenches.

After listening a while he became satisfied that the ground immediately behind the sandbag barrier was deserted. So he pushed on to a second sandbag barrier.

Behind this barrier he could hear Huns talking. He wormed his way back to the shell hole and appropriated the excavating tools of one of the dead Huns. Then once more back to the second sandbag barrier.

Digging, scratching and generally conducting himself like a mole, from outside he burrowed deep under the barrier, and then directly beneath the center of it he began to burrow up toward its summit—about seven feet high, and purposely left irregular so as to afford no horizon-like line against which a man's figure could be silhouetted.

The sandbag barrier, like most of them, averaged about seven feet high and about three feet thick.

As he burrowed up, without jostling the structure or letting it betray him by any movement, he contrived to snake out one "sandbag," packed with the clay-like Flanders mud.

About half of this he emptied out. Then he pulled it down over his face, cutting holes for his eyes to look thru. The mud, thus superimposed on the top of his head, streamed down over his neck and shoulders, adding to his concealment and disguise.

Realizing the perfection of this disguise, so long as he found air oozing up at his neck, sufficient to let him breathe, he worked himself forward till his mask-like "sandbag" hat formed part of the inside front of the Hun barrier.

Thus he stood till 9:20 a. m. He could see about 600 Huns industriously building traverses and machine gun emplacements. And he could view about 1,000 yards literally.

"Was there a word said inside there which you couldn't hear?" somebody asked him the other day.

"No," replied Jones, "but there wasn't a word said I could understand."

"But," he explained further, "with my eyes I could learn their numbers and their physical appearance, the locality of their communication trenches and all the interior of their earthworks.

"It could be plainly seen that they were preparing to resist an attack instead of to launch one. And, most important of all, I could see the exact location of all their guns.

"It was territory we ourselves had occupied not very long before. So it wasn't difficult for me, while part of their barrier, to draw a sketch of the whole business, labeling spots, for instance, as 'Charing Cross,' and so on—the names they had borne during our occupancy.

"Then, as carefully as possible, I extricated myself from my position in the barrier. Whether I jostled something in withdrawing, or whether some sentry saw a leaf or twig moving in the waste area of No Man's Land, when I'd got back about 25 yards toward home, I don't know, but he fired a shot, which didn't come far from me in the brush.

"From then on I had to work my way arduously for from an hour to an hour and a half until I had covered the 125 yards or so back to our lines.

"Of course, with the information I'd obtained by playing 'sandbag' we knew where to concentrate our artillery, and we had them."

VENGEANCE

"—and with what measure ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."—Luke 6:38

Daily, by cot and pallet, the idle soldiers stand,
Hearing the tales of horror, told by the broken band
Daily they stand and listen, marking the sightless eyes
Of those that sit in darkness, beneath the sun-lit skies.

Always the cry of vengeance, as beggars seeking a dole,
The cry of the broken body calling to him that's whole.
And ever the cry is louder, from out the ravished lands,
Of those that sit in darkness, with idle, groping hands.

Daily they gather closer, touching them now and then,
The scars that once were faces, the bodies that once were men.
Deep grows the pity, deeper, searing the very soul,
For those that sit in darkness, and nevermore are whole.

This is the promise given to those that fight no more,
Binding and true the promise, swearing it o'er and o'er:
"Full measure and overflowing, we'll mete it out again
To beasts that hide their natures under the guise of men."

—Kenneth Graham Duffield

When You Go On Patrol.

I STOOD on a fire step in the front line trenches in Flanders. Covering me was a black crawling costume, with hood, mask and gloves. It was pitch black and a foot or two away from me I couldn't have been seen, for my costume blended perfectly with the darkness of the night. My nerves were tense, for I was going out on a scouting patrol that was risky in the extreme. I was to inspect the German front line trenches, find out what they were doing and return.

Once in No Man's Land I had little difficulty. The greatest hindrance that night was the oozy mud which made a peculiar, squashy sound when I drew my feet out of it. Aside from constantly watching for star shells and ducking into shell holes before they burst, I managed to crawl up to their front line in jig time. Everything was so quiet I was surprised and puzzled. But it was an agreeable surprise, because I had anticipated trouble. Feeling more confident, I pushed on.

They had protected their front line with but little wire and I realized our boys would have slight trouble in breaking thru. I flattened myself on the ground and waited. Something seemed to tell me that all was well and I crept on. Wriggling like a snake, I got to their second line, and here I found they had thrown up immense quantities of wire, and I succeeded in discovering several nests of machine guns.

My next move was the most foolish one I ever made in my life. Even today I cannot explain it. I had started back when I stood erect and with the German second line but ten feet away. The minute I was outlined against the skyline a Boche sentry discovered me. He was as frightened as I was. We both seemed to spring from the mud at the same time. He fired without aiming. The shot went wild. This was a ticklish mess for me.

The moment I was discovered I sank into a shell hole and flattened out. The sentry's shot aroused those in the trench and immediately star shells went up from every direction. It was as light as day all about me, but the illumination did not penetrate to the bottom of the shell hole. The next moment bombs began to explode all around me. I realized they had discovered the general direction of my hiding place. I took a chance and rolled up and out of this shell hole into another. Bear in mind I was but ten feet away from their trench. It stands to reason that one of those grenades had my name on it. It hit me and ricochetted off my left leg. Then it exploded. The result of this grenade exploding was a left leg broken in three places and twelve wounds in my right leg.

After a minute or two they figured I must be gone for and quiet reigned. It was up to me to get back to my own lines. While I lay in the shell hole I pictured in my mind the treatment I should receive in a German hospital were I captured, and it did not appeal to me. I had information which the boys were waiting for back there. I guess it took me an hour to get out of that shell hole, but once on the surface I could wriggle along and make faster progress. My injured legs were an incumbrance, but I managed to drag them along painfully.

Why did I not have a compass about me? you ask. Even tho I had lost the sense of direction while in No Man's Land a compass would have availed me nothing. There is so much iron and steel imbedded in the ground—at that very moment when I stopped for a good deep breath I might have been lying on an unexploded shell—a compass is practically useless. Now it is said a drowning man will clutch at a straw. I had in mind just as improbable a means of salvation as the proverbial straw. Somewhere in No Man's Land, in front of our line, I knew there was an airplane which had been brought down and wrecked. If I could reach this plane I then could take a little rest and thus gain strength for the remainder of my trip to my own line.

Lifting my head ever so slightly, I studied the ground about me, and after deliberating for a few seconds I resolved to set out toward the north. God must have been guiding me because after an hour of progress, inch by inch, the familiar wreckage of the plane came into view. I could have shouted with joy. And just as suddenly as I felt cause to rejoice I realized my own peril. I remembered that our own machine gunners had been commanded to keep their Lewis guns trained on this plane for fear of a German patrol lying there in ambush at night. And I recalled that those particular Anzac gunners were intensely alert and sure shots. If I managed to attract their fire I stood a slim chance of getting to blighty.

Therefore I commenced to crawl in another direction, which would bring me further north, where I hoped there would be no machine guns to bother me. I was obliged to crawl nearer my own line than would otherwise have been necessary because I was so weak that to give the scout call and have it carry it would be necessary for me to be right under the nose of my own sentries. Little by little I wormed myself to a position where I knew a sentry would be hidden. I gave the scout call and it was answered. Then my own men came out and took me in and sent me to a dressing station. Before I was taken to the dressing station the captain came to see me and I told him of the information I had gleaned from my observation. He commended me, but I think the greatest honor was when my men, realizing I was leaving them, asked:

"You'll come back to us, won't you?"

"Just as soon as I get jolly well," was my reply.

But I didn't. For at the hospital the doctors took one look and ordered me home for good.

R. H. K.

Buried Eight Hours.

BY SERGT. BRYANT ANDREWS, Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders. (Princess Louise's Own.)

FROM India, where I was attached to the headquarters staff, to the first British trench at Dickiebush near Ypres, was a jump with sharp contrasts. There we relieved the French, and took over their holes of mud and water. Days and

days we stayed there in conditions too horrible to describe. When we finally went out we found it more comfortable to carry our muddy frozen kilts over our shoulders than to wear them. About 400 of the men were disabled from trench feet and exposure.

My relief came after I got mine in a listening trench where six of us had been sent out to make observations. A German shell came over, blew off the parapet and buried the whole six of us. My right hand was free and I was able to dig away enough earth so I could breathe. Eight hours later some men of the signal service came out to repair the lines and dug me out. The other five fellows were dead. They dragged me 500 yards on a waterproof blanket to a crude dressing station and thirty-six hours later without having bathed or shaved for weeks, I was landed in an English hospital. I was one of the first wounded soldiers back and found I was being showed off as a curiosity. I heard two young women say, "What a shame to send old men like that to fight."

I was not 21.

When I was entered in the hospital a nurse was assigned to me and later she had difficulty in finding her patient. When an orderly pointed me out I heard her declare, "No, it is not he. It was an old man fully 55 years of age." The trouble was I had been washed and shaved in the meantime. They said I was in pretty bad shape. After they had scrubbed for half an hour they say they came to a second shirt and then began again. Things are very different now. Your American boys will never go thru what we endured that first year.

Father Gives a Bath

THAT night mother was too tired to give the babies their bath.

The children have a worthless father who never has learned more of the mysteries of the infant toilette than to button their shoes. He says he's tired after the day's work. Not too tired to get down on the floor and romp or to play "Here we go round the mulberry bush," but altogether too weary to master the use of safety pins.

But this once he rose to the occasion. "Giving baths is easy," he said. "I'll put 'em in the tub and souse 'em around."

Sue, who is 5 years old, squealed with joy. "Candace, almost 2, echoed her, without understanding in the least the novelty of the situation.

It's comparatively simple to undress a child. Just extract all the pins in sight and unfasten the buttons and she will shake herself out of layer after layer. But when reduced to the cuticle children go mad. Sue ran off to tumble about on her bed. Candace didn't want to fall downstairs, but she almost did.

Did you ever try to curry a gold fish? That would be merely apprentice work in training for scrubbing two dingy little children. Efficiency told father that the way to do was to put them both in the tub at the same time. Candace was the first, and while Sue was being cornered the baby slipped and almost drowned. The serious thing about that, he found later, was not the chance of strangulation, but that she got her hair wet. Hair is washed on Thursdays and in the daytime.

The tub was too full for little daughter and not full enough for big one. Probably the water was too hot for one and too cold for the other, but desperation cannot argue.

She requested a personal washrag.

Candace tried to take it away, and thus having indicated her desire, was given a cloth also.

She wanted some soap. Candace got a cake too.

Pulling with his exertions, father paused to admire them. They did look cunning splashing about in the water. Then Candace got some soap in her eye.

At that moment Sue turned over on her stomach and began to push herself rapidly from one end of the tub to the other. She called it swimming. One of her strokes kicked the baby over. But baby didn't cry. She wanted to swim, too. It was father's first opportunity to get in some scrubbing. Putting one hand under Candace's chin to keep her from drinking the water, he manipulated the soap and washrag up and down her back. Just before the skin began to rub off he did the same for Sue.

That was all the bathing they received. Suddenly he seized his younger daughter by an arm and a leg and lifted her out. A new game began, in which baby endeavored to transfer all her moisture to father's clothes. She caressed him with her soap and washrag, too.

Then she began to cry, and it appeared that her effort was a protest and not a game. She explained that baby would not submit to being taken out of the tub first. So back she went, and out came her dripping sister.

Mother entered then with the nightgowns. Did father tell her his adventures? Perhaps she was able to guess from her own experience and his brief summary:

"The next time I give these kids a bath I'll tie them to a tree and use the hose."

In Boston.

"AIN'T it too bad grandpa's dead?" said Ida.

"Yes, dear, but he is very happy with the angels."

"Did all the angels go from Beacon street?"

"Oh, no, dear."

"Then I know grandpa ain't having a bit good time! He never took no notice of people unless they lived on the Back Bay. I hope he carried his card in his pocket, else how'll anybody in heaven know he lived on Beacon street? They might take him for a South-ender, and oh, mamma! if they should think he belonged on Columbus avenue!"

YOU just *must* have the *highest* quality tires—

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What Women Are Doing in the War

Two Women

Worn with the pain of love, she clung to me
That dreary night, and, choked by sobs, she told
Her haunting woe; how love was misery,
A thing of tortured doubts, with manifold
Slow-creeping jealousies, and bitter care
Broken by gleams of star tling ecstasy.
And as I smoothed her fore head and her hair,
She thought my tears were tears of sympathy.
But had she guessed my envy of her pain,
My longing but to feel love's cruel kiss
And own its bitter sovereign ty again,
She might have known her fancied ill was bliss
And learned those depths from which the spirit mourns
When it can envy love's sharp crown of thorns.
—MARY MORSELL *in Snappy Stories*

"Big Chief," a Woman.

FOOD ADMINISTRATOR HOOVER'S right hand "man" is a woman, who receives as compensation the princely sum of one dollar a year from the Government. She is Miss Sarah Field Splint, formerly editor of one of the largest women's magazines in the country.

From her desk on the second floor of the Food Administration Building Miss Splint, the "big chief" of the Division of Home Conservation, sends out messages to women all over the country. Her talks furnish real inspiration to American womanhood, and have kindled the fires of patriotism everywhere.

Even before the Food Administration was organized Miss Splint laid before Hoover a plan for placing the problems of food conservation before every housewife in the country. Since then she has remained on her job night and day carrying those plans into effect. The Division of Home Conservation provides every home in America with definite instructions for the best methods of conserving food without interfering with the proper nourishment of the family. Thru Miss Splint's efforts 11,000,000 households signed the Pledge for Conservation in December, 1917. And many more who did not sign that pledge are carrying out her instructions faithfully.

"Housewives," Miss Splint says, have not only the actual and practical work of food conservation in their hands, but missionary work also, for it is they who must convert those who sit at their tables to the new order of things."

Aiding French War Orphans.

THE war's great demand on charity have begotten many an unusual means of raising money for the unfortunates across the sea, but none is more unique than the one instituted by Miss Edith Ballinger Price, who has given up her work to make pastels for the support of French orphans.

The scheme is a simple one. This young woman will paint a portrait of a person inside of an hour, for which she receives $10. This money is turned over to the committee that has charge of the French war relief. During the short time the shop has been open, Miss Price has made a tidy sum for the war charity she has taken under her wing, but it was not as much as she hoped when she first undertook the work.

She obtained free use of the studio, and there thruout the entire length of the day she is either painting portraits or is waiting for some prospective sitter to turn up. She has thrown herself into this task, heart and soul, and scarcely leaves the studio, even at lunch hour for fear some French baby may suffer as a consequence.

Since the studio has not been an unqualified success, it will probably be closed within a short time. Still it seems no more than right that this young artist should be given full credit for the work she has done in behalf of French orphans

Another Prerogative Smashed.

BANG! Another purely masculine pursuit gone. A military band of women, said to be the first of its kind in the United States, has been organized in New York. Mere man has had little to do with it. In fact, they are severely barred from sharing in the glories which the feminine musicians feel will be theirs, when they make their first public appearance.

However, they are willing to give a little credit—ever so little, tho—to Lieutenant Harold Stern, who organized the band. He represents about 1 per cent of the band, the other 99 per cent is strictly feminine

Miss Annabelle Boyer of New York City is the drum major. It was Miss Boyer's musical knowledge and singular ability to make the baton "talk" that secured her this position. She can make her baton tell the band anything she has a mind to, and it is really wonderful to watch her twirl it around. It seems that her baton vocabulary is almost limitless. No man could do better

This woman's military band will be used to replace some of the bands that have gone to France. It will help in recruiting and work for the Red Cross and Liberty Loan.

When Their Brothers Went Away to War

George Martin, a Chicago contractor, used to have the help of his sons in running his business. Now they have gone to war, so his daughters have taken their brothers' places and are doing all the heavy jobs for their father. This photo shows the contractor giving his daughters, Hazel and Florence, their instructions before sending them out on a job.

Twins Do Their Bit in the Coast Guard

Genevieve and Lucille Baker, twin sisters of Brooklyn, N. Y., have enlisted as yeomen in the U. S. Coast Guard. These two 19-year-old girls are the first of their sex to enlist in this branch of the service. As both are expert bookkeepers they were enlisted as yeomen. They have two brothers in the Army in France.

It Went to the Front.

THE flag that flies over General Pershing's headquarters in France has an interesting history. In 1917, a few months before this country went to war with Germany, Miss Jean Ferrell, a well-known American actress, was asked for a donation for the Actors' Fund Fair to be held in May. She said she would make as gift under two conditions—first, that it would not be duplicated by any other donation; second, that it would be sold only on the condition that it go with American soldiers to France Of course, Miss Ferrell informed the committee in charge that she would make an American flag.

The committee was willing to agree to the first, but they could not see how they could comply with the second stipulation, since at that time, the United States was not at war with the German Empire. Nevertheless, a tentative agreement was reached, and the actress began work on the flag.

In April, when the country declared war, the flag was finished. In New York City people admired its beautiful silken folds, and many an offer came to the committee. The Daughters of the American Revolution wanted it; so did the Astor Hotel and the Waldorf-Astoria Yet Miss Ferrell insisted on her original stipulation. Finally, it was sold to Miss Pauline Frederick, the film star, for $500, on the condition that she offer it to the War Department as a gift. She did so, and Secretary Baker accepted it. It was then carried from New York to Washington by Private Tony Bassett, and given a ceremonial reception in the White House, attended by President Wilson, the Secretary of War and other high officials.

Miss Frederick was notified some time after that it had been taken to France, and was gracing the headquarters of General Pershing. And there it is now, its silken folds floating in the French breezes, a message to the world of democracy and freedom

Save the Face Powder.

GOOD-BY rice powder! Rice is a food, not a frivolity, according to war-time classification, and as a consequence the French government has prohibited the further manufacture of face powder from rice

It has been estimated that the women of France are flicking away 100,000 soldiers' rations of perfectly good rice with their powder-puffs, every day. If the test were applied on this continent, in Canada and the United States, the amount of wasted food thus revealed would be staggering There are more than 22,000,000 women in this country and in Canada. Suppose only half of them—this is an extremely conservative estimate—used powder, and they used only 30 grains each, daily, to whiten their faces and necks, more than 47,000 pounds of food would be wasted. And this every day. Think of it!

Now 47,000 pounds of rice makes about 380,000 helpings, and would supply every one eating a helping with 1,675 calories of food value. But we estimate that nearly again as much rice powder is used judging from some of the faces one sees. Even at that, with the absurdly low figures which male statisticians give out, you can easily see why more than $50,000,000 is spent yearly on this continent for cosmetics.

New Faces for Battle Heroes.

SOMEWHERE in Paris, an American woman is aiding Allied surgeons to remake shell torn faces of soldiers. She is Anna Coleman Ladd, well known sculptor, member of the Nationaal Sculptor Society of New York City and of the Boston Society of Artists.

Much that is remarkable has been accomplished in facial surgery, and the sculptor is joining forces with the surgeon in working out the reconstruction of shattered faces of wounded heroes. Often when the jaw is badly shattered, the nose completely torn away and the rest of the face mutilated and apparently beyond hope, the skilled doctors come to the rescue and perform the miracle of remaking the face as good as new.

Mrs. Ladd, famed as a sculptor of unusual talent, has achieved marvels which the American Red Cross has been quick to see and recognize. Mrs. Ladd's work is confined to making masks of copper and silver, which she paints the same color as the patient's face, after the mask has been adjusted

A Cross Street.

"Where does that little boy live, Tommie?"

"The one I met at school?"

"Yes, Tommie, that one."

"Oh, he lives on some disagreeable street, I believe."

"Why, how do you know it is a disagreeable street, Tommie?"

"'Cause he said it was one of the cross streets"

Boarding-house Stuff.

"That fellow Jinkles is a crook, a sneak, an undercutter!"

"What's the matter, Bubbles?"

"Why, didn't you hear him trying to curry favor with the landlady by telling her he liked chicken wings and prunes?"

Dolly Makes Her Choice

By E. W. R. Beal

YOU know the Hon. William Slocum—not personally, perhaps—but you know the palatial residence the great mining Senator built on Fifth ave., and you remember his sensational marriage a few years ago to the reigning beauty of two continents—a woman for whom a prince was ready to abdicate his throne—well, this is about a girl who might have been the Hon. Mrs. Slocum and declined.

I knew the Hon. William in the days when he was plain Bill Slocum of Slocum Creek; when he was poor and none too steady, and my lady wouldn't have looked at him except as a curiosity.

Slocum Creek was a typical mining camp; the schoolhouse, used on Sundays for a church, was the largest building in town, and so the first thing to catch the eye; and the next, if she happened to be standing in the door, would be the school mistress, Dolly Britton; for she had the prettiest, trimmest little figure you ever saw.

Of course, the men were all crazy about her. We all tagged along for a while, but she dropped us one by one until only Bill Slocum was left.

He was a gentleman miner with more money than the rest of us. He bought out Sam Blair's claim, reputed to be the richest in the camp, but not the kind for a poor man to work.

It was all right for Bill, tho. He imported the latest machinery from the East and a high class engineer to sink the shaft, and spent no end of money on the business. Expectation ran high. If Bill was made we were all made.

But we worried a good deal. Slocum himself declared one night at a little evening we had over at Remington's:

"It's make or break, boys. The whole shooting match has gone into the shaft."

And the whole shooting match stayed there. I don't believe with all his certificates that engineer knew as much about the vein as old Sam Blair did. He clean missed it anyway. We'd have made him find it, by Heaven, only he'd slipped off one night before we knew what he was about.

Bill stopped work and started drinking. Just then Charlie Cuthbertson came on the scene.

Charlie was a self-contained young fellow with a pair of steel-blue eyes which took every one's measure in a glance. And Dolly Britton was no exception.

She came swinging along the street the second evening after he arrived. There was a group about the postoffice and Charlie was telling a yarn about the mare when he suddenly stopped, flung one of those steel-clad glances of his over his shoulder, and as suddenly went on again.

I saw Dolly and I looked across at him and he looked at me, but we said nothing. Afterward, when the crowd was gone, he came over to me.

"Who is she, chum?" he asked.

"Dolly Britton, the little school mistress. Ain't she a picture?"

He laughed a low, deep chuckle, the laugh of a man for whom earth holds more heaven than the skies. I wanted to tell Charlie about Bill, but I couldn't do it that night and I didn't have to afterward.

The next day the little mare was tethered outside the schoolhouse, petted by the children, while Charlie made friends inside. It wasn't long before any of us, prospecting up the mountain, would see the little mare flying along the valley or across the Big Cascade, with more than Charlie Cuthbertson behind her.

But none of us said anything. We loved Dolly and we liked Charlie, and we were mortal grieved for Bill. What was, seemed best. We kept quiet, hoping Charlie would get her away before Bill made a fuss.

But Bill heard of it some way—Freddy Fanshawe, probably, a rat with a sneaking itch for mischief and a grudge against Dolly for a dismissal more peremptory than complimentary. Anyway, Bill was very ugly one night.

It was up at Remington's. A nasty, drizzling evening, with heavy mists creeping along the ground, sodden with the all-day downpour. The fun was fast and uproarious, Charlie Cuthbertson at the head of it.

Bill was forgotten, and he sat in a corner by himself moodily drinking, watching the scene with a nasty gleam in his eye.

Fanshawe started the trouble. He saw Bill's look and knew what it meant.

"When's the wedding, Charlie?" he flung out.

The crack of a gun couldn't have silenced the crowd quicker, and we waited in breathless expectation to see what Bill would do. He got slowly on his feet and lurched over to where Charlie was sitting.

"There's not going to be any wedding!" he shouted, striking the table with his fist.

Charlie looked from one man to another bewildered, but none would meet his eye and he looked at Bill again.

"That's my girl you're toting round, Mr. Cuthbertson, my girl!—you understand? And you've got to stop it."

Cuthbertson pushed back his chair. His eyes were blazing, his fists clinched. The boys were ready to spring in and prevent a fight, but he flung on his coat and went toward the door.

"Good night, boys," he cried—very self-contained he always was. And the door swung behind him.

The fun was over, so I got my coat and followed Charlie. I overtook him and we splashed along the sodden way together.

"The Creek's with you, Charlie," I rapped out suddenly.

"Then it's true, son, is it?" he asked.

"It's true. But I say, and the boys say—the whole Creek says Bill has no claim if he won't make good."

"Aye, son, but what's Dolly say?"

I guessed he'd hit the only nail worth hammering at.

"You'll have to ask her, Charlie," I said.

"I'm going to."

And when I left him he was smiling in a satisfied sort of way to himself.

Well, what he said was as much a surprise to us as it was to him. The next afternoon he went over to the schoolhouse just as the children were going home, and he knew he would find her alone. He caught her hand in his.

"Dolly," he murmured, "I want you to teach me."

She drew her hands away with a happy laugh.

"What do you want to learn, Charlie?"

"A lot of things, sweetheart; most of all whether you love me, dear?"

He tried to get her hands again, but she kept them behind her back, looking at him with wide open, serious eyes.

"You know about Bill?" she asked.

"He's out of it, Dolly. There's not a man living good enough for you, he less than the least of us."

"But he's down, Charlie," she said, very slowly, very thoughtfully. "You wouldn't hit a man when he's down, would you?"

"I guess not!" he said shortly.

"And I won't either," she blurted out, turning her back on him.

"Dolly," he pleaded, "over in Seattle, where my folks live, there's a home for you. What's Bill to you—or the Creek? Forget them, dear, and come with me, Dolly," he cried, putting his head down on his arms. "I love you, Dolly, and I can't live without you, sweet."

She went back to her desk on the little platform and hid her face in her hands. Cuthbertson heard a sob and started to his feet.

"Dolly?" he gasped. "Dolly?"

"Go away, Charlie!" she cried.

"I can't leave you, Dolly—I can't leave you like that."

He moved toward her, but the tremulous little hands waved him back. He hesitated and then went blindly out into the sunshine.

It was the last fine day the Creek knew that summer. I never saw such weather. Most of the claims were flooded, and the Big Cascade, dividing into two streams, broke a course right across Bill's shaft, filling it up in a few minutes and going on again, roaring, turning, tearing up big trees, carrying everything before it, until it jumped the Devil's Ledge 320 feet to the valley beneath.

The boys said drinking seemed to run in Bill's family, but there wasn't much joking.

We missed Charlie's laugh. He mixed up with the crowd as he had always done, and it seemed odd that he and Bill Slocum should get so chummy, tho chummy hardly describes it.

But Bill slowed down on the liquor, and night after night he and Charlie would sit at the same table like a Quaker meeting until 10 o'clock, when Charlie would get on his feet and say, "Good night, Bill," and Bill would say, "Good night, Charlie," and ten minutes after follow him out and go home, too.

Things grew steadily worse. Dolly Britton took a school on the other side of Old Crow and with her going all the luck left the Creek.

At last Bill's shaft was dried out, and the boys went up one afternoon to help lower him down. Bill was down the shaft, and we were standing round waiting for his signal when Charlie drove up.

"What's doing, boys?" he asked.

Just then Bill gave a shout, and then another, quick, excited, and the boys began to haul away like mad. When he came up his face was white and queer looking.

"The bucket," he cried, gasping as if he couldn't say more.

Cuthbertson snatched up the bucket, dropped it as if it were hot and jumped for the mare. The next minute he was rattling down the pass like a lunatic.

It didn't take Switchtail long to get out of sight. She slapped up the grade from Bill's mine to the Big Cascade as if it were level ground. Charlie sat with the reins hanging loose in his hands, eyes wide and eager.

The Black Mud lay before, gummy and treacherous, smiling with multi-colored flowers. Mile after mile, the pace never faltering until the Beaver Dam Hill rose before them—a stiff climb taken at a gallop—and the little red schoolhouse broke into the sunlight.

Charlie, scarcely waiting for Switchtail to stop, flung himself out and pushed thru the open door into the silent schoolroom, where Dolly Britton stood alone, striving to conceal the glad welcome of her eyes by an attitude of disapproval. But Charlie never noticed it.

"Dolly," he said, standing stiff and straight before her, clinching and unclinching his fingers, "Bill's struck it rich."

"What?" she gasped. "Oh, Charlie!"

And he had her in his arms kissing her, she half crying, half laughing for the very joy of his possession.

The next day Bill went over with a bag of his richest ore to show her, and got his dismissal. He entreated, expostulated, but it was no good.

She married Charlie Cuthbertson. And Bill had to content himself with the reigning beauty of two continents—a woman for whom a prince was ready to abdicate his throne.

* * *

Heart's Desire.

"I AM worried about Sue Charlotte," observed Mrs. Bardunkle. "She wants to be a young lady and wear corsets and a belt and high heels like Roberta Cublets, and I want her to be a girl for a while yet, and wear loose clothes and low heels, and be athletic and childlike."

"Oh, let the girl wear anything she wants to," urged Roberta's grandma. "She will get tired of being a lady and want to be a girl again before long. High heels and things look exciting a long way off, but as soon as a sensible girl like Charlotte finds out that they hurt she will have nothing more to do with them.

"I remember how it was when I was a girl. I wanted corsets and belts and things that were ladylike and uncomfortable. But, of course, my mother wouldn't let me have any of them and I had to get them on the sly.

"Why, I can remember when the desire to wear those things was so strong in me that I grabbed an old pair that I found on a heap of discards. They weren't all there, but I hugged them to my bosom, and, what's more, I put them on. It was a struggle, for I was a rather stout girl and the garment was designed for a more slender and waspish waist than mine. I also found an old belt which I persuaded two stout girls to strap around me the way transfer men strap trunks.

"One day my mother saw me thus arrayed, my ample waist transformed into what I thought was something waspish, and she almost fainted with surprise besides exploding with amusement. I didn't mind the surprise, but the amusement wasn't what I wished to excite, so I took the things off and was glad to be comfortable once more."

"I went thru the same thing," observed Bardunkle, "with my first collar, long pants and socks. They didn't have any boy's size collars in my day, and I hooked the town over trying to find one. I think size 11 was what I wanted and I had to compromise on size 10 and celluloid at that, and the thing had a way of parting from the shirt in the back and separating from the tie in front. Stockings transformed into socks were hard to manage, too, and they had a way of coming down and dangling around my feet in spite of various ingenious devices which I employed to keep them up. Cuffs also refused to be violetlike and protruded some six or seven inches.

"My efforts to be a man provided very fair comedy, but I persisted until I got a collar I could not draw my head down thru. It was a lady's collar that I pinned to the inside of my coat collar. I was indeed proud and happy on that day. Socks, however, are still a bugbear, and I will be glad when a sensible substitute is provided.

"So I, too, say let the girl go ahead and have a throw at the woman's game if she thinks it will be fun. She will soon get tired of it and chuck the whole business."

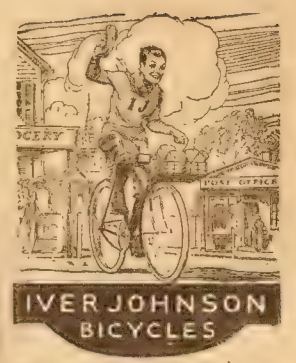
"I'm not so sure of it," replied Mrs. Bardunkle sadly. "You haven't chucked the manly cigars and tobacco yet."

* * *

Willing to Please.

HERE'S a nickel for you, my man," she said to the frayed and ragged looking individual who stood under the porch with extended hand. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me."

"Thankee, but couldn't you make it a quarter and enjoy yourself thoroly, ma'am?"



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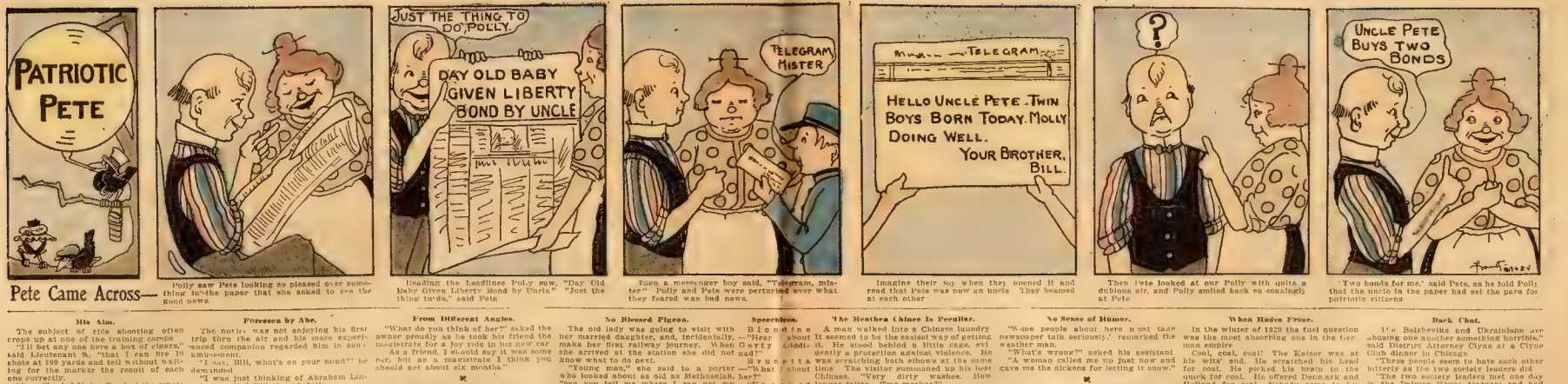
PATRIOTIC PETE
JUST THE THING TO DO POLLY.
DAY OLD BABY GIVEN LIBERTY BOND BY UNCLE
TELEGRAM MISTER
TELEGRAM
HELLO UNCLE PETE. TWIN BOYS BORN TODAY. MOLLY DOING WELL. YOUR BROTHER, BILL.
?
UNCLE PETE BUYS TWO BONDS

Pete Came Across—

Polly saw Pete looking so pleased over something in the paper that she asked to see the good news.

Reading the headlines Polly saw, "Day Old Baby Given Liberty Bond by Uncle." "Just the thing to do," said Pete.

When a messenger boy said, "Telegram, mister." Polly and Pete were perturbed over what they feared was bad news.

Imagine their joy when they opened it and read that Pete was now an uncle. They beamed at each other.

Then Pete looked at our Polly with quite a dubious air, and Polly smiled back so coaxingly at Pete.

"Two bonds for me," said Pete, as he told Polly that the uncle in the paper had set the pace for patriotic citizens.

His Aim.

The subject of rifle shooting often crops up at one of the training camps.

"I'll bet any one here a box of cigars," said Lieutenant A, "that I can fire 10 shots at 800 yards and tell without waiting for the marker the result of each one correctly."

"Done!" cried Major B. And the whole mess turned out early the next morning to witness the experiment.

The lieutenant fired.

"Miss!" he repeated.

Another shot.

"Miss!" he repeated.

A third shot.

"Miss!"

"Here, hold on!" put in Major B. "What are you trying to do? You are not firing at the target."

Of course not!" was the cool response. "I'm firing for those cigars."

Didn't Know Her.

Mrs. Wilson wanted to get Mrs. Johnson's cook away from her so badly that she actually went to Mrs. Johnson's house when she was away and offered the cook more money. The next time they met at a big dinner Mrs. Johnson did not notice her.

"Why, Johnson, you know Mrs. Wilson, do you not?" said the lady who sat between them.

"No, I believe not," said Mrs. Johnson, "but I understand that she calls on my cook."

He Wanted Help.

Danny and Bobbie had been left in the care of their big sister while their mother went out. At bedtime they wanted to "stay up for mother," but their sister relentlessly put them to bed. Danny maintained a stolid indifference, but Bobbie cried lustily. Their sister listened at the foot of the stairs, hoping they would soon be quiet. At last Bobbie stopped and the listener heard him say:

"You cry a bit, Danny; I'm tired."

Foreseen by Abe.

The notice was not enjoying his first trip thru the air and his more experienced companion regarded him in some amusement.

"I say, Bill, what's on your mind?" he demanded.

"I was just thinking of Abraham Lincoln," replied Bill thoughtfully.

"Abraham Lincoln?"

"Yes. I was thinking how truthfully he spoke when he said a man's legs ought to be just long enough to reach the ground."

Father's Confession.

"I've come to ask you if you will let your daughter marry me."

"You are not very well acquainted with her, are you, my boy?"

"Why, I think so, sir."

"I fear you are mistaken. If you knew her as well as I do, you wouldn't consider it necessary to ask me to 'let' her do anything she has made up her mind to do."

Scientific Facts.

Scientists are getting nitrates out of the air, but the Western Union has been getting night rates out of people for years.

Mount Everett is more than five miles high, but the highest land in the world is a corner lot on Broadway.

He Was Reflexal.

"No you want your wife to vote?"

"I don't like to express myself," said Mr. Meekton. "If I advocate it and Mrs. Pietra finds she doesn't like politics she'll blame me for getting her into it."

Perfectly All Right.

"You must not eat that cake, Dy Boy. It will make you sick."

"No, it won't, father. Mot er didn't make it be cake."

From Different Angles.

"What do you think of her?" asked the owner proudly as he took his friend the magistrate for a joy ride in his new car.

As a friend, I should say it was some car, but as a magistrate I think you should get about six months."

Disappointed.

"What did you get out of that will case?" asked the first lawyer.

"A hundred and fifty thousand dollars," replied the second lawyer.

"Good round sum."

"Yes, but I thought the old man left more than that."

Resourceful.

A tabby cat
Half swallowed a goat,
Which seemed in her throat
Like a whale.
So she coughed and she spat,
But failing at that,
She swabbed it out with her tail.

No Blessed Pigeon.

The old lady was going to visit with her married daughter, and, incidentally, make her first railway journey. When she arrived at the station she did not know what to do next.

"Young man," she said to a porter who looked about as old as Methuselah, "can you tell me where I can get my ticket?"

"Why, mum," he replied, "you get it at the ticket office, thru the pigeonhole."

Being very stout, she looked at the pigeonhole in amazement, and then burst out in a rage. "Go away with you, you old idiot! How can I get thru there? I ain't no blessed pigeon!"

Speechless.

Blondine—"Hear about Giddi-dit. He stood behind a little cage, evidently a protection against violence. He was scratching both elbows at the same time. The visitor summoned up his best Chinese, 'Very dirty washee. How lounge takee. Two weekee?'

Brunetta—"What's that?"

"Knocked speechless by a street car."

"But I just passed her a few moments ago and she spoke considerably."

Whereupon he handed the customer the cover of a package of firecrackers.

The Heathen Chinee Is Peculiar.

A man walked into a Chinese laundry. It seemed to be the easiest way of getting in. He stood behind a little cage, evidently a protection against violence. He was scratching both elbows at the same time. The visitor summoned up his best Chinese, "Very dirty washee. How lounge takee. Two weekee?"

He stopped scratching long enough to stare.

"I will endeavor to have it for you then, sir, but you know that the shortage ago of colored labor hampers our efficiency

No Sense of Humor.

"Some people about here must take newspaper talk seriously," remarked the weather man.

"What's wrong?" asked his assistant.

"A woman called me up just now and gave me the dickens for letting it snow."

"Lazar's specialty is inventing labor-saving devices."

"Yes?"

"Excuses for not working."

When Hades Froze.

In the winter of 1920 the fuel question was the most absorbing one in the German empire.

Cool, cool, cool! The Kaiser was at his wits' end. He scratched his head for coal. He picked his brain to the quick for coal. He offered Denmark and Holland for coal. Nobody came to his aid.

"Maybe I can borrow some from my partner," he thought. It was a good move, but the fires at Essen were going out and the Allies were moving westward by the millions.

So he visited Hades in the dead of night, and got into close conference with Satan, who was just then acting as chief furnace foreman in the hellfire department.

"If you will give me coal the fires down here will go out," said Satan to the Kaiser's request.

"But I'll give you all the little neutral nations over it," replied the great babynation-snatcher.

"Agreed!" said Satan.

And that is the reason why the winter of 1920 was the coldest yet experienced in Hades.—Judge.

Sudden Exercise.

Jack Reilly, gifted football player of Newark, read of the healthful advantages of exercising daily before an open window.

He tried it at a second-story window of his home, taking long breaths and bending forward and backward.

"He bent forward farther than he intended," reports a friend, "and got more exercise than he had anticipated when he fell out of the window."

She Was No Piker.

The lovely lady consulted the popular attorney in regard to getting a divorce. She was particularly interested in knowing how much it would cost. After looking over the case the lawyer said: "This is comparatively easy. I can get you a divorce without any publicity whatever for $500." She looked at him haughtily. "I have plenty of money," she said. "How much will it cost with plenty of publicity and everything?" He saw that she was a person who wanted things done right, so he hastily revised his figures.

Wake Up Trembling.

"I had a terrible nightmare last night," said Mr. Blobsite.

"Tell me about it."

"I dreamed my wife wanted me to go with her and hear a long haired poet read from his own works."

"Well, well!"

"And something seemed to paralyze my tongue so I couldn't say no."

Hesitation.

"Yes," said the Australian soldier who was being shown round London, "you've got some fine buildings here. We ain't got nothing like them in Australia. That place, now," pointing to the hotel at Euston Station, "that's a grand place! You do things on a much larger scale than we do here."

"Really, I always thought things were ever so much bigger in Australia."

"Yes; but you remember what a lot of people visit London thru this station."

"Still, it's a bit big for its purpose."

"But surely you have hotels as big as that in Australia?"

"Hotel! D'you call that an hotel? My word, I thought it was the ticket office!"

A Puzzler.

A Frenchman, boasting in company that he had thoroly mastered the English language, was asked to write the following from dictation:

"As Hugh Hughes was hewing a yule-log from a yew-tree, a man dressed in clothes of a lark hue came up to Hugh and said, 'Have you seen my ewes?' 'If you will wait until I hew this yew, I will go with you anywhere in Europe to look for your ewes,' said Hugh."

Experienced.

The young man carefully removed the cigars from his vest pocket and placed them on the piano. Then he opened his arms. But the young girl did not flutter to them.

"You," she said coldly, "have loved before."

Gallant.

Teacher, "Robert, can you tell me who wrote the seven ages of man?"

Robert—"Shakespeare."

Teacher—"That's right, and are there seven ages of women?"

Robert—"No, ma'am. Papa says ladies only have one age."

Characteristic.

When a woman arrives three minutes late at a railway station she imagines that the engineer saw her coming and pulled out just for spite.

Johnson's Cat.

Johnson's cat went up a tree
Which was sixty feet and three;
Every day she climbed eleven,
Every night she came down seven
Tell me, if she did not drop,
When her paws would touch the top

Word Anagrams.

33—**Cod is nice. It lures a cat.**

The letters of each sentence form, when recast, a common English word. Can you disentangle them?

Cross Purposes.

34—An expert in the finger alphabet, who was standing with his wife, saw a deaf and dumb friend coming along, and made signs to him to join them. The single word that he spelt out so astonished the dumb man, that he made signs of resolute refusal.

What was the mistake?

Buried Poets.

31—The names of eight British poets are buried in these lines, so that their letters in proper order form parts of different words:

The sun is darting rays of gold
Upon the moor, inclining not,
Whose purple heights by Ronald loved,
Up open to his shepherd cot.

And sundry denizens of air
Are flying, aye each to his nest;
And eager make at such an hour
All haste to reach the mansions blest.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

27. Diagonal Puzzle.

H E A R T
A L D E R
A D O B E
R E B U S
T R E S S

28. Novel Zigzag.

Spartacus, a gladiator

G A M E S
L A M P S
A R E N A
D A I R Y
I N L E T
A T L A S
T U N I C
O A K U M
R I N G S

29. Common Cats.

1 Cat bird
2. Cat boat
3. Catalog.
4 Cat fish.
5. Catarrh.
6. Catastrophe
7. Cattle
8. Cat-o'-nine-tails
9. Catnip

30. Imps We Have Met.

1. Improve
2. Impudent.
3. Imperial.
4. Imperfect.
5. Impetuous
6. Implous.
7. Important
8. Impulsive

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Knock to Carry.

A minister came to the Episcopal Church at Williamsport, Pa., to speak.

"Do you wish to wear a surplice?" asked the rector.

"surplice?" cried the visitor. "Surplice! I am a Methodist. What do I know about surplices? All I know about is a deficit!"

Black Chat.

The Bolsheviks and Ukrainians are abusing one another something horrible," said District Attorney Clyne at a Clyne Club dinner in Chicago.

"These people seem to hate each other bitterly as the two society leaders did.

"The two society leaders met one day in the Palmer House tearoom and had tea together.

"'Well, I must go now,' said the first leader. 'I'm going to call on mother.'

"The second leader looked astonished.

"'What, have you got a mother living?' she said.

"The other gave an acid laugh.

"'Why, yes, my dear,' said she, 'and I'm sure you she doesn't look a day older than—'

"'Oh, either!'"

Thrifty.

Old Gentleman (turning suddenly)—"Aha! I believe you contemplated throwing that mud ball at me."

The Kid—"Say, mister, you're a reg'lar Sherlock Holmes, ain't you?"

The Laugh on Him.

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him in the street to congratulate him.

"Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that the Lord has smiled on you."

"Smiled on me?" repeated Jones. He laughed out loud."

Right at Home.

"Are you going to the debate at the club tonight?"

"No. A debate is something I never have to leave feet? the house to hear."

"Yes, but what she really said was, 'I won't take no sass often nobody.'"

In the Vernacular.

"Why did you discharge your cook?"

"She said she wouldn't be reprimanded."

"Did she express herself to that effect?"

Old Better Himself.

Johnny B—, who has seen eight summers go by, not very long ago developed a fondness for playing hooky from school. After two or three offenses of this kind he was taken to task by his teacher.

"Johnny," she said, "the next time you are absent I want you to bring me an excuse from your father telling me why you are not here."

"I don't want to bring no excuse from my father," protested the boy.

"Why not?" asked the teacher, her suspicion plain.

"'Cause father isn't any good at making excuses."

Watchful Waiting.

Two young gallants and a friend had escorted two charming young women to their homes. Then these gallants ran to catch a car, one dragging his slower companion by the arm.

A conscientious policeman shouted after them. After they had explained that no harm was intended the one who was being dragged, and after their car had passed, they received the blessing of the policeman, and sat down to wait an hour for the next car.

Awful Slippery.

"You know, I think the day the prodigal son came back must have been an awful slippery day."

"Why so?"

"Because the Bible says when his father came out to welcome him he fell on his neck."

Advice.

Wife—"The doctor says I should go South for my health. The question now is where to go."

Hub—"Go to another doctor."

More Attractive.

"Tremendous crowd up at our church last night."

"New minister?"

"No, it was burned down."

That Ancient Feeling.

Blobbs—"I feel like the oldest man in the world."

Slobbs—"What are you talking about? You are not a day over 30."

Blobbs—"Yes, but I've just been listening to a boy of 16 tell about things he used to do when he was a kid."

"Grandma, are you with the circus?"

"Of course not, my dear. Why?"

"I heard pa say that when you came to visit us we'd have an elephant on our hands."

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GENTLE JABS.

True wit is always incidental—and usually accidental.

When everything else fails a beautiful spring hat may turn a woman's head.

If the world doesn't suit you it's peanuts to fudge that you don't suit the world.

Eventually the meek may inherit the earth—when Mr. Hohenzollern gets thru with it.

Two of the most bitter things in life are being jilted by a girl and a dose of quinine.

An indulgent husband may be all right, but much depends upon what he indulges in.

Only a few more weeks and the iceman will begin to brace up and dust off his diamonds.

A pawnbroker says it takes a man of nerve to pawn his umbrella in the course of a rainstorm.

In a card game a good deal depends on a good player and good playing depends on a good deal.

It sometimes happens that a wise man's conscience is as good as new because he never uses it.

Down deep in his heart the average man is anxious to see some other man get it in the neck.

Many a man's dyspepsia is due to the mistaken belief on the part of his wife that she can cook.

The man who makes a study of a woman's disposition may learn much, but the cost of tuition is high

Contentment is better than riches and the average man is too polite to want the best for himself.

Many a man looks upon marriage as sort of a blotter with which he expects to blot out all his past.

Yes, Elizabeth, you can get a first class waffle impression by sleeping on an old fashioned corded bedstead.

A widow always pretends that she isn't trying to help a man when he tries to kiss her—but she is just the same.

The wind may be rude during the winter months, but it always turns over a new leaf with the advent of spring.

The man who is content to wait for posterity to do him justice will not miss the bitter pangs of disappointment.

A hundred years ago men married younger than they do now—but women didn't object to doing housework then.

Some men fail because they waste too much time in fooling over trifles that they could hire a boy to attend to for $2 a week

Your Kitchen in War Time

Frozen Cream Cheese Salad.

BLEND one package of cream cheese with a quarter of a cup of sweet cream, add a tablespoon of chopped raisins, a tablespoonful of powdered blanched almonds, a tablespoonful of crumbed stale macaroons, a teaspoonful of sugar, a saltspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Blend thoroly, chill, then cut with a little wooden butter mold into cakes, put into a paper-lined freezer, pack in salt and ice. Serve three cakes on lettuce leaves to each person, with a teaspoonful of whipped cream mayonnaise in the center.

This salad is designed to break a dinner or to use as the cheese course for a hot day luncheon. It is given as an example of a chilled or frozen salad, but is not recommended for those of delicate digestion nor as an economy measure.

To Can Asparagus.

WASH asparagus thoroly, scrape off the scales (this is important), blanch in boiling water 3 minutes, counting time from the moment the water begins to boil after asparagus is put in, plunge in cold water, and drain. Pack in hot, large-mouthed jars, add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart jar, fill slowly with boiling water, adjust rubbers, covers, and partially fasten clamps, and lower gradually into a kettle of boiling water. Let boil continuously for two hours; remove from boiling water, fasten cover, invert, and let stand until cool. Blanch, cold dip, fill jar and lower into boiling water, one jar at a time, that product may be transferred from the fresh state to the water bath in the shortest possible time.

Pea Souffle.

FOUR tablespoons flour, 4 tablespoons fat, 1 cup skimmilk, 1 cup mashed cooked peas (any kind), 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, few drops of onion juice. Make a white sauce from flour, fat and milk. Mash the cooked peas to a pulp. Beat white and yolks of eggs separately. Mix vegetable pulp, seasonings, sauce and well-beaten yolks. Fold in stiffly-beaten whites, put in greased baking dish and bake in slow oven until firm. Lima beans, split peas, cowpeas or fresh or canned green peas may be used.

Cornmeal and Barley Gems.

BEAT very light 2 eggs, add 1 cup of sweet milk, and 2 tablespoons of corn sirup, then sift together 1 cup of cornmeal, 1 cup of barley flour, 1 teaspoon of salt, and 2 heaping teaspoons of baking powder. Beat all together until light, then add 2 tablespoons of melted fat, put in hot well greased gem pans and bake in a moderately hot oven for about half hour. This will make about twelve gems.

Salmon Loaf.

ONE cup salmon—a small can, 1 cup crumbs, bread or cracker, 1 cup water in which rice has been boiled, 1 teaspoon chopped pickle, 1 egg. Salt and white pepper. Mix thoroly the salmon and the crumbs. Add the other ingredients. Put the mixture in a greased bowl and cover it. Set the bowl in a pan of hot water and bake 30 to 40 minutes. Turn out on platter. Serve with drawn butter or cream dressing.

Tuna Fish or Salmon Salad.

USE equal amounts of fish and rice. Season with salt, pepper and vinegar. Stir in plenty of salad dressing and set away for a while in a cool place. When ready to serve add a little crisp celery, finely cut. Serve on lettuce leaves. Two or three small strips of pimento arranged on the top adds to its attractiveness.

In the Oven.

YOUR boiling meat and soup bones can be cooked in the oven in less time than on top of the stove. This way of cooking also prevents windows from being covered with steam in cold weather.

Caramel Tapioca Pudding.

TWO-THIRDS cup tapioca, 2½ cups boiling water, 1½ cups caramel. Start the tapioca and water to cooking in double boiler, stirring often from bottom at first, that it may not be lumpy. When caramel is made, with 1½ cups of sugar and 1½ cups of water, pour it into the tapioca in the double boiler and cook 2 hours or more, till smooth and clear. Add ½ teaspoon of vanilla, a little salt and pour into baking dish. Bake ½ hour. Serve with cream. Good hot or cold

Honey Bran Muffins.

ONE cup flour, 2 cups bran, ¾ cup raisins, 1¼ cups sour milk, ¾ teaspoon soda, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons honey, ½ teaspoon salt. Mix flour bran and raisins, add sour milk, honey and soda and salt mixed together. Mix thoroly and bake in greased muffin tins 15 to 20 minutes.

Oatmeal Bread Without Eggs.

ONE cup oatmeal flour, ¼ cup each cornmeal and white flour. Pour in enough sour milk to make a batter as for gems, adding a level teaspoon soda and a teaspoon baking powder and half a teaspoon salt. Mix and bake in greased gem pans or in a pan like corn bread. Bake in a quick oven.

To Improve Mint Sauce.

IN MAKING mint sauce, add the sugar and vinegar or lemon juice to the crushed mint, and let it stand in a warm place for an hour or so before using. Then heat or let it get cold, as preferred. This will draw out the flavor of the mint well.

Oatmeal Biscuit.

SOAK oatmeal in the required amount of buttermilk over night. In the morning add 2 heaping teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon soda, 2 heaping tablespoons shortening, 1½ teaspoons salt and enough flour to roll. Roll and cut and bake in a hot oven. Wheat or barley flour may be used.

War Pancakes.

ONE cup wholewheat, 1 cup barley flour, 1 cup rye or cornmeal, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon shortening. Enough sour milk to make a thin batter. Sift flour, soda and salt together, then add the milk and lastly the beaten egg and melted shortening. This will serve five people.

Turnip Soup.

TURNIPS are very good when made into a soup. Try them. Six large turnips, white or yellow ones, boiled until tender, then mash thru sieve. Now add 2 quarts boiling water, a pint of milk with pinch of soda added, 1 small onion chopped fine, or use onion, salt and 1 large tablespoon flour to make thickening. Let boil for 10 minutes, then add teaspoon of butter.

Brown Bread.

ONE cup of granulated meal, ½ cup rye, ½ cup wheat flour, ½ teaspoon baking-soda, dissolved in a little warm water; ¼ cup molasses and 1½ cupfuls of water will be plenty, including that the soda is dissolved in. Add salt and a few raisins, if one likes them. Use a pound coffee can to steam brown bread in. Steam from 3 to 4 hours. Cover can tightly.

Olla Podrida.

THREE cups boiled rice, 2 cups cooked tomatoes, 1½ cups fried onions, ¾ cup grated cheese.

Cover the bottom of baking dish with rice. Add alternate layers of onions, cheese, tomatoes and rice. Cover with crumbs and bake 20 minutes.

A Dog That Cheated

THAT one dog at least not only reasons, but has been known actually to cheat, is the conviction of a British army officer who owns a smart cocker spaniel. Among other tricks, the officer has trained the dog to answer "letter call," and fetch his owner's mail to the mess table. Pleased with the dog's intelligence, the officer fell into the habit of giving him a lump of sugar from the breakfast table.

One morning, soon after the trumpeter had sounded "letter call," the spaniel came in with neither papers nor letters. This was unusual, for the officer subscribed to a daily paper that invariably arrived in the morning's mail, but he thought little of it at the time. About 11 o'clock, however, the dog entered his master's quarters, and deposited a muddy paper upon the floor. The officer did not understand the situation, but he gave the dog a lump of sugar. Half an hour later the dog appeared again, with a very muddy and crumpled letter in his mouth. Then the owner's suspicions were aroused.

He gave the dog another lump of sugar, and watched him. He soon found that the dog had buried the morning's mail in the rear of the officer's mess, and was digging it up a letter at a time, apparently with a view to a lump of sugar for each piece of mail.

An Indefinite Liability.

A CITIZEN whose daughter is about to be married, and who has been trying to get a line on what the expenses of the rather elaborate ceremony will be, approached a friend of his, seeking information.

"Morris," said he, "your oldest daughter was married about five years ago, wasn't she? Would you mind telling me about how much the wedding cost you?"

"Not at all, Sam," was the answer. "Altogether about $5,000 a year."

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Concluding Installment of

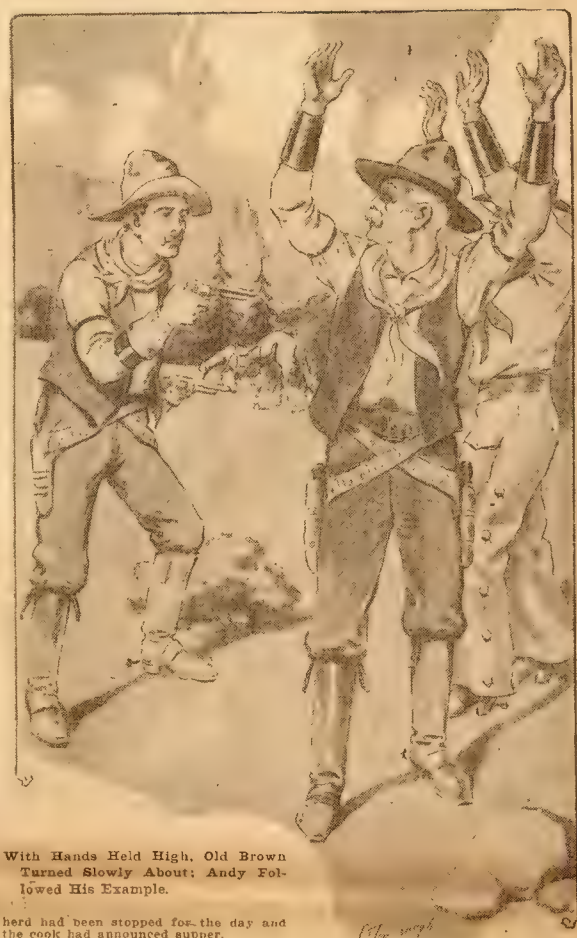
TRAILING THE RED HERD

By Joe Mills

What Already Has Happened.

CATTLE rustlers have driven off the red herd from the Adams ranch. The red herd is the pride and chief wealth of the Adams family, representing years of labor and sacrifice. Mr. Adams and the sheriff, Monty Attel, a famous gun man, head a party in pursuit. With them goes Mr. Adams' 18-year-old son, Andy. Andy has resolved never to return until the red herd has been found and brought back. They proceed to the Bad Lands, the mountainous rendezvous of the cattle rustlers, and, following the tracks of the herd, eventually are led to a hidden pass, which leads into a remote region known to the pursuers. In a valley of this region they come upon the rustlers with the red herd, which is being driven westward. Outnumbered three to one, Mr. Adams gives up hope of recovering the herd. But Andy, true to his resolve, slips away in the night and rides westward until he strikes a settlement of the cattle rustlers. Pretending to be a fugitive from justice, he seeks a night's lodging in the settlement and unexpectedly comes upon Old Brown, the leader of the gang that drove off the red herd. Old Brown accepts Andy as a guard of the red herd in its drive to the Rio Grande in Texas. Falling ill on the way, however, he is left behind in a rustler's hut. Before rejoining the red herd he visits the town of Ado and there runs upon Monty Attel. Andy then returns to the herd so that he may cooperate with Monty and the Texas Rangers.

This thrilling story began in No 17, the Ledger dated April 27. Back copies containing the earlier parts may be obtained from our agents, news dealers, or by mail from the office of publication.



With Hands Held High, Old Brown Turned Slowly About; Andy Followed His Example.

(Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

A MILE from the herd Andy encountered a guard. He had some difficulty in convincing the man that he was one of the red herd guards.

"But you're not a gunman," the man laughed when he noted Andy's youth and slight build.

The man recovered himself suddenly at realizing that Andy had the drop on him and was holding a big gun, pointing straight at his head.

"You'll do, boy," the man growled gruffly.

Andy wasted no more time but rode straight toward where camp was marked by the glow of a fire. Twice more before he reached the camp he had to satisfy guards. The red herd was now protected by double the number of men he'd seen with it before.

Aside from the horse wrangler, Andy found he knew few of the men in the outfit. Old Brown, he learned from the wrangler, came almost daily now to talk with his men and to give orders for the movement of the herd. The vigil was close. The end was near.

In spite of his weariness Andy kept the wrangler talking as late as he could that night. The wrangler knew little, however, that would help toward the early signaling to Monty. As he dropped off to sleep Andy was wondering where Monty was; whether he had found the trail of the red herd and whether he was even then camped in some lonely arroyo watching for the signal fires.

At daylight the red herd was on the move. The men breakfasted in relays. Andy and the wrangler had a busy morning rounding up the saddle horses and getting them under way. The horse herd had more than doubled in numbers. Every man in the outfit had a spare horse, and several men had as many as three or four at their command.

In the afternoon, as they were drifting the herd along over a widely scattered trail, Andy rode forward alone. He circled off to the west in hopes of locating the river. The sounds of shots came suddenly. Tho there were many shots, they were hard to separate into distinct sounds, for they all seemed to blend together into a quick r-i-i-i-p.

This Andy recognized as the work of a gunman at practice.

Andy approached the bluffs quietly, letting Scud walk and directing him away from any bush that might break and make a noise. Peering over the crest of a low bank Andy gave a violent start at what he saw. Old Brown himself was there, alone, and was practicing the draw.

With breathless interest Andy watched the great outlaw. The man would lie down, double up, sit down, run, walk and from every conceivable attitude practice the draw. Several times the man fired a shot or two. Invariably his gun went off as soon as it was waist high. The man seemed possessed. He would shift his right hand so speedily that Andy could not follow it, and he would be sure of its location only as it held a big gun a short instant later.

Scud edged forward to see what was interesting his master so much. Old Brown whirled toward them and his gun flashed. Andy closed his eyes but the expected shot did not come.

"Hello, boy," called the leader of the rustlers. "Come down and we'll see how well you draw."

Andy led Scud down a break in the bank and was soon in charge of the greatest gunman, except one, perhaps, in the whole Southwest.

During the summer Andy had mused himself by practicing at the draw with the men. From them he had learned many of the little tricks that helped him in perfecting a draw that was both fast and accurate.

Old Brown was delighted with Andy. They spent an hour together and from the great gunman Andy learned still more of the intricate skill that had won respect for the famous outlaw.

"We'll soon be rid of the cattle, boy; then what you going to do?" And the great outlaw bent upon Andy a look that was almost father-like.

Andy hung his head. The question had come so unexpectedly that he was confused beyond speaking.

"Never mind, boy, I'm not going to ask why you came here; but you're young yet and it's a dog's life. Cattle rustling is not what it once was either. Too many settlers coming in and the rangers down here are getting too strong for outright resistance."

Plainly the outlaw recognized that he was about at the end of his notorious career. In spite of the man's daredevil wickedness Andy discovered something fatherly and likable in him.

"When we get rid of the cattle we've got, I'm going to give up the life and go back to Kentucky. I was raised there and I can put in my last years in a respectable place and have some honest friends."

It was almost beyond Andy's belief that Old Brown would thus be talking and telling his plans.

"But the red herd?" Andy ventured at length.

"Best cattle we ever rustled, and we're shipping them over to England. They'll bring fancy prices over there."

Andy waited patiently. There were a dozen questions he wanted to ask but he commanded his strength and waited silently.

Old Brown toyed with his gun. First right hand, then left hand darted downward and jerked forward unerringly. Then both hands at once set two heavy guns to spitting fire and the shots went straight at whatever this great shooting master desired.

Andy mounted Scud and joined the outlaw. Together they rode thru the afternoon. Sometimes the man talked, recalling experiences that sent Andy's blood tingling. However, he was finding in this notorious man a hunger for honest people: Kentucky and Kentuckians were a never ending topic with the outlaw. Indeed, the man seemed as hungry to get away from the cattle rustling as Andy was to get home to his people again.

While they rode a messenger came galloping up. The leader of the rustlers rode ahead a short distance as he talked with the stranger. Then as soon as he'd finished with the man, he rode back and joined Andy again. He felt himself losing much of the repulsion he had always treasured against the man. In spite of what he knew about the fellow, he found that buried deep in the man's make-up was still a thirsting for decent living; and for this quality Andy found himself forgiving much of the great gunman's past that was dark and shady.

"When do we load the cattle?" Andy ventured again.

The question seemed to recall his companion from dreamland.

"Just had word the boats are on their way up now. We'll strike the river sometime afternoon tomorrow. Then we'll load out as fast as we can. Have to ship down the river on scows and flat-boats tho, and this will be slow work."

A ball came across the distance. The herd had been stopped for the day and the cook had announced supper.

Andy was hungry and he turned Scud in the direction of the camp. But his companion had stopped, and was looking intently toward where a hill towered above all others and rose sharply, like a peak, into the blue haze.

Andy rode back and waited in silence. Presently the great outlaw spoke:

"Tomorrow we'll be at the river. It'll be a busy life loading the cattle," the man seemed musing aloud. "I think I'll climb to the top of that point there—and have a look at the country. It's my farewell to the region—and to the awful life I've lived."

Andy made no reply. When the other started forward, Scud was alongside the companion horse.

Half-way up the slope they left their horses. From this point the sides of the rocky hill rose sharply. The scramble upward was a hard one. Bushes and scrub blocked their way and tore at their clothes. Andy's nondescript garments suffered sorely from rough usage. But they climbed up rapidly. Old Brown seemed lost in thought. So much so in fact that he set a pace that made Andy almost breathless keeping up with it.

The sun had dropped beyond the horizon when they topped the crest of the point. The western sky was ablaze with burnished color. Miles below, and beyond them lay the river, quiet, placid and apparently without movement.

Old Brown swept a wide circle with his eyes. Several times he lifted his hands and outstretched them as tho pleading for something lost to him. Sometimes he muttered low words that Andy could not catch.

Minutes passed. Darkness had already filled the lower valleys and was creeping up the slope toward the point.

"I wish I'd never left old Kentucky." The man's voice was raspy now and unlike what Andy had known. "I'll make the best of the end, tho, and——" Here his voice trailed off into a mumble of broken words again.

"Hands up! Don't move!"

Andy shot his hands high overhead. Old Brown's right hand flashed downward. Then he froze in that pose for a few seconds.

Silence followed. Then slowly, almost imperceptibly, the great gunman's hands lifted the dragging a heavy weight.

With hands held high Old Brown turned slowly about. Andy followed his example.

Monty Attel stood before them.

"Take his guns, Andy," commanded Monty Attel.

Andy lowered his hands with a sigh of relief. Monty was standing, or rather crouching, twenty feet away. He was bent forward with a gun in his right hand, held shoulder high; the gun in his left hand was no more than waist high. Not once did Monty lower his eyes to his guns. They pointed naturally wherever he looked.

Andy stepped over to Old Brown and lifted his two heavy guns from their holsters. Then he stepped back and for a long, breathless moment no one spoke or moved.

"Any more guns?" demanded Monty at length, without shifting his eyes from the great outlaw.

"Yes, a little one under my shirt," Old Brown replied.

"All right, keep it for the present," Monty ordered.

With one quick movement Monty shoved both his guns back into their holster. "I reckon you won't trouble none with that other gun," he remarked, as he stepped a bit nearer the great rustler.

"No, I give you my word I'll not try to draw on you," promised the rustler.

It was an awkward silence that followed. The rustler looked off across the dark valleys to where there still shone one bright spot above the horizon. Andy shifted uneasily. Monty Attel alone was at ease.

"Brown, I've got the drop on you and I've got a hundred Rangers scattered about the region within a few hours' ride of the red herd. I suppose it'll be wasting words to suggest that you call off your men and give up the cattle peaceably?"

The old rustler made no sign that he had heard. Monty waited. Andy froze in a poise of eager waiting.

"So, Andy, you've been the inside man for the Rangers, eh?" But there was no menace in the tone of the man who had lost his last fight.

"Yes, I've been with the outfit ever since you got away with the red herd," Andy ventured, reluctantly. Somehow he felt a traitor to the man, for their afternoon together had swept away all his store of loathing for the rustler. Some-

where, deep down in the man's inner self, was still the spark of manhood.

"And did the red herd belong to your folks?" continued the rustler, when Andy paused.

"Yes," Andy replied, "to father."

Old Brown considered long. Then, turning to Monty, without further hesitation, he said:

"Monty, when I heard you yell 'Hands up,' I knew the end had come. I have bragged for twenty years that no man would ever get the drop on me—and live. But you got it, and I don't know but I'm glad after all."

It was Monty's turn to be astonished. For a moment he searched the man's face in the growing gloom as tho he could not believe what he'd heard.

"Yes," went on the head of the rustlers. "I'm glad. This was to be my last raid. I was going back to old Kentucky after this trip and spend the rest of my life among honest folks and try to make something respectable of the end of my career. But now——" and he sighed wearily.

Monty stepped forward. Their hands met in a long, hard grip.

"Brown, you'd have made a great sheriff or Ranger," and the tone carried admiration in it.

"Too late," came the reply, as tho the man was choking back his feelings, which had been bestirred by the kind words of Monty.

"It is not too late," stated Monty, "providing you take the only chance that's left you and help out the law. Give up the red herd and the other cattle your gang's rustled and come along peaceably with me, and I'll do what I can for you. You'll not be hanged, I promise that."

The great leader of the rustlers slowly shook his head and turned once more to the west. But all was darkness now. Only the faint line of the horizon showed.

"Monty, I'm willing to do what I can, alone, but I can't make any promises for the men. They'd not believe my tale if I rode into camp and said that I'd met you and that there are a hundred Rangers surrounding us. Why, man, they'd simply laugh and ride out to see for themselves. Monty, I've got fifty men with the red herd. Half of them are gunmen. They're the toughest men on the border. There's not one of them who would be taken without a fight. Monty, a fight with those men means at least man for man killed, and a lot of them will kill a dozen men each before they go down."

"But the cattle?" persisted Monty.

"I don't believe I could shake off the men, or that a show of the Texas Ranger force would make any difference. The men are used to fighting, and things have been so quiet for them lately that a lot of them are just spoiling for a row of some sort."

Monty knew the truth of the rustler's words. He did not press the man for a promise. He was thoughtful for a long time; and when he spoke there was that same hardness in his tones that Andy had noted whenever Monty was pushed to desperate deeds.

"Brown, you're right," Monty went on in low tones. "It's up to me to find a way out. But I want your word that you'll say nothing of our meeting and that you'll be on the side of the law when the time comes."

"I give you my word, Monty," came the prompt answer.

"Give Brown his guns, Andy," Monty ordered sharply, and turning away instantly disappeared into the darkness.

Andy stood still with the rustler's heavy guns in his hands. Old Brown, too, was silent in his surprise. Then his decent self welled up inside him.

"Andy," said the rustler, in shaken tones, "that Monty Attel is a man. Think of his giving me back my guns and letting me join my gang again. Why, he's giving me every chance in the world to get away."

They made their way slowly back to their horses. Old Brown was thoughtful and silent. Andy was filled with admiration for Monty and pity for the rustler. And as they rode into camp, Andy came to a sudden realization that the long-expected end was at hand. Just what turn things would take or how the end was to be brought about, he was sorely puzzled. But it was near, almost within touch, and he keyed himself to alertness to catch the first hint of what his part was to be in the great finish.

The circle of men about the camp fire opened and gave Brown a place of prominence in their midst. Andy hung back at the outer circle of the crowd.

A messenger had ridden into camp at dark with the news that Rangers were between them and the river. Old Brown accepted the news without comment. Andy, watching keenly, saw that the rustler's face bore a troubled expression.

There were loud guffaws around the fire. The men were hilarious in their talk. They were assuming an air of nonchalance, now that danger stalked them close at hand.

There was a quick thudding of horses' feet upon the ground. Every man in the circle of firelight turned to see who had ridden up. Some one threw an armful of brush and small sticks upon the fire, which leaped up instantly with a rush of flame.

Into the circle of bright firelight stalked Monty Attel.

Andy gasped and could hardly believe his eyes. Then the action of Old Brown caught his attention. The outlaw had partly risen and had stopped in that well-known poise of the gunfighter. He was stooped forward with his hands held low. A flash, and he could draw.

Monty stood erect with ease. For a moment he waited in silence but there came no shout of recognition. Plainly this was what Monty desired first to know. Slowly Old Brown stood up to his full height. Andy, at the edge of the crowd, stood breathless with both hands gripping his guns.

"Men, I see you don't know me; so much the better for my purpose. I have ridden in here to ask you men to give yourselves up. There's a hundred Rangers within hearing of this camp. You are surrounded. Of course, some of you can cut your way out, but only a few can get out alive. Most of you will be killed the moment you leave this camp. If you give up your guns and come along peaceably, I promise that you'll all have a fair trial and that none of you will hang. I'd like to offer you more, but it's not in my power."

Most of the men were silent. Several, tho, laughed outright. But the cool daring of the man before them commanded respect.

Monty waited. No one met his advances. Hands were shifted near gun butts. All waited.

It was at this critical moment that the leader of the rustlers understood that his time had come. With deliberate slowness Old Brown stepped out of the circle and stood beside the stranger.

"Boys," he commanded in a low voice that carried well his seriousness, "this is one of the Ranger force. What he has just told you is the truth. The Rangers have us surrounded. This man here got the drop on me single-handed this afternoon and took my guns away. But he gave them back and sent me to tell you fellows. Do you think he'd have done that unless he knew I couldn't get away?" And the old outlaw challenged his men with stern words that dared them to reply.

"I've made my brags for a good many years that no man would ever draw on me and live, and there's only one man in the world who can do that. Boys, that man stands before you. I may have lost my nerve when he got the drop on me, but I'm going to give you fellows a chance. I'll call his name; then, if any of you think you're quick on the draw—try it."

Brown gave his words time to sink in and waited until some of the men began shifting nervously.

"This man is——" and Brown paused. His hands shifted a trifle nearer his guns, "——Monty Attel!"

Several men let out their breath in a gasp.

Many hands poised near guns.

"Why don't you draw?" suddenly demanded Brown.

Monty Attel stooped lower. His hands twitched slightly and his eyes stared unblinkingly. He waited for them to draw.

"Come on men, draw," continued Brown. "This is the fellow you have sworn to get. He's here now—get him."

Still no man moved.

"Boys, he's called your bluff. You can get him easy if you all draw at once. But the first man to draw will be dead before he can touch the trigger. That's the thing that holds you all back. No one wants to draw first. No one's ready to die—that's why. Monty Attel's giving every man a chance, too. Don't you see he hasn't touched a gun, yet?"

From the darkness came the r-r-i-i-i-i-p of many shots. The men about the fire started suddenly at the sounds. Then came a silence that was even longer than before.

"It's the Rangers, boys," called Brown. "If you want to fight, it's up to you. I'm not a quitter, as you fellows know, but I have sense enough to know when I'm beaten. Monty Attel and his men have the drop on us. Here's my answer to his demands," and with a quick movement the rustler caught up his guns and presented them, handle first, to Monty.

But Monty shook his head. "Brown, I'll take your word that you'll give up," Monty stated, "and now it's up to your men. Send me word in half an hour. There's one among you who knows how to let me know when I'm wanted."

Monty turned his back squarely upon the gunmen and stalked away into the darkness. Not one moved until the sound of horses' hoofs had died away in the distance.

"Boys, I don't want to urge you; but I'm telling you that the jig's up. The Rangers have had a spy in our camp ever since we got away with the red herd." The men turned questioningly to each other. Every man glanced at his neighbor with accusing eyes.

"Here is the fellow who has had the nerve to camp right with us. He's stuck to us single-handed for months and taken chances every day of being found out. He's had the stuff in him and he's won out. I'm on his side now, boys, and I invite any of you that wants to save his hide to join us," and Brown beckoned to Andy to join him where he stood.

In a daze Andy knew that this was the beginning of the end. He stumbled his way to the side of the rustler chief. Unconsciously he found himself poised with ready hands for the draw.

"Look, men," shouted the leader. "This boy is not afraid of the whole outfit. He's waiting to draw. His father is the owner of the red herd!"

Then something of the tenseness of the situation passed. Men began talking in undertones. Each man questioned his neighbor.

Again from the darkness came the ripping cracks of rapid shots. A rustler dashed up to the fire with the information that the outer guards had discovered riders to the east. Even as he spoke shots came from the west; then from the south came answering shots. There was a pause, then from the north came other shots.

Signals, undoubtedly, were the shots. Messengers rode in like mad to report.

Then came a growing roar. Every man started up. They listened a few seconds, and then scattered, running for their lives.

The red herd had stampeded!

Andy found himself almost dragged along. His companion thrust him at a picketed horse and he cut the rope with his knife and spurred away. The herd was approaching now with an encom-

Physicians Explain Why Women Need More Iron in their Blood Today than 20 years Ago

Say Anaemia—Lack of Iron is Greatest Curse to the Health, Strength, Vitality and Beauty of the Modern American Woman.

DR. FERDINAND KING, New York Physician and Medical Author, says physicians should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to supply the iron deficiency. Opinions of Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital; Dr. A. J. Newman, former Police Surgeon of Chicago, and other physicians who have thoroughly tested the value of Nuxated Iron.

Any woman who tires easily, is nervous or irritable, or looks pale, haggard, and worn should at once have her blood examined for iron deficiency—administration of simple Nuxated Iron will often increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, careworn women in two weeks' time.

"There can be no strong, healthy, beautiful, rosy-cheeked women, without iron," says Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York physician and Medical Author. "I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking women patients. Pallor means anaemia. The skin of an anaemic woman is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags, and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farinas, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste-pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss. Therefore, you should supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food does not enough salt."

Dr. A. J. Newman, Former Police Surgeon of Chicago, and former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, says: "It has been my particular duty during the past six years to assist in keeping the lungs of five thousand blue coats in good health and perfect fighting trim, so that they would be physically equipped to withstand all manner of storms and ravages of nature's elements. Recently I was prompted to give it a trial. This remedy has proven through my own tests of it to excel any preparation I have ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, formerly Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York and Westchester County Hospital, says: "Thousands of persons go on suffering year after year, doctoring themselves for all kinds of ills, when the real and true cause underlying their condition is simply a lack of sufficient iron in the red blood corpuscles to enable Nature to transform the food they eat into brawn, muscle, tissue and brain. But beware of the old forms of metallic iron which frequently do more harm than good.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to the trouble then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron."

If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, there are probably thousands who might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost continually around us. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know of it. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test. See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists and general stores

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"Mother, why don't you take NUX-ATED IRON and be strong and well and have nice rosy cheeks instead of being so nervous and irritable all the time and looking so haggard and old? The doctor gave some to Susie Smith's mother and she was worse off than you are and now she looks years younger and feels just fine."

You can tell the women with plenty of iron in their blood—beautiful, healthy, rosy-cheeked women, full of Life, Vim and Vitality—while those who lack iron are often cross, nervous, irritable, weak, tired, complaining creatures whom nobody wants to have around.

ing rush that was growing louder every instant. Andy glanced back in his flight and saw a sudden dark wave cross the camp fire and blot it out.

Presently there came quick shots, a pause, and more shots came faintly above the roar of the stampede. Andy heard the yell of the riders in front of the herd as they tried to turn the leaders and swing them in a circle. The roar passed on until it was but a faint far-away sound, and finally was beyond hearing.

Andy found himself alone upon the wide prairie. The herd was gone. Monty Attel and the Texas Rangers were somewhere, but he knew not where. Old Brown had been true to his word, but where was he now? Andy found himself wondering what the crisis would have been if the herd had not stampeded at the critical moment when the time was at hand for the rustlers to either fight or surrender.

The horse Andy was riding stepped into a hole and went down. Andy went headlong into the darkness and landed hard. He sat up dazed and shaken, but not seriously hurt. The horse ran away and left him alone. And like most riders, Andy was as lost without a horse as a sailor without his oars upon the sea.

Stumbling about in the darkness, Andy collected a handful of little sticks. He started a tiny blaze and by its light collected more twigs. Soon he had three small fires sparkling in the darkness. He wondered whether any one would see.

It was not long before Andy discovered three other fires in the distance. His signal was answered. He went stumbling thru the night in the direction of the signal fires across the cactus beds. But he had not gone far before he heard horses running. He stopped and waited breathless.y. Were the horsemen his friends, the Rangers; or were they rustlers? But he waited only a moment before he jerked out his gun and sent three quick shots breaking into the stillness of the night.

The horsemen stopped instantly. A voice called out and Andy leaped with eagerness. It was his father.

For a long time Andy stood gripped in his father's arms. Then he was loosened and given a horse. A dozen men were in the party. Monty Attel had seen the signal fires and had sent the men to Andy, while he rode on with other men to round up the herd.

When daylight at last came tardily across the low hills, Andy saw the herd resting quietly in the valley. Numerous riders were circling the cattle, and from the distance Andy could hear snatches of the night riders' songs as they rode. The scene was peaceful; and for a moment Andy wondered whether he had not been asleep and dreamed all the exciting things that lingered in his memory.

The End

The Stern Hand

"WHAT'S become of my friend, the dish banger, this morning?" asked the timid-looking man, addressing the austere conductor with six bars on his sleeve on the suburban train.

"What do you mean by dish banger? I don't get you," replied the conductor.

"Why, that man with the piercing eye who rode down with us the other day. You remember, he was telling us about how he could hypnotize people in a restaurant by banging trays on the floor and how he could make people form in line and keep to the left and no shoving, and all that sort of stuff.

"I thought I would take him out to lunch with me today. I want to take him to the place where I went yesterday, where every one crowded me and elbowed me and was generally rude and where the proprietor treated me with scornful disdain. I feel that it would be worth the price to take that man there to eat. I never like to head people in—you know what I mean, administer effectual reproof—myself, but it would give me great satisfaction to see somebody else do it.

"I want to see that man go in there and say sarcastic things to the waiters and patrons, and send for the proprietor and bullyrag him and start a rough-house. I want to hear him say: 'Here! Take this spoon out and wash it!' and 'What's the idea in serving such clammy spuds?' 'Get a move on you! Do you think I can wait all day for the other half of my grub?' I want to hear him say these things to that bunch."

"Excuse me for butting in," said the man in front, "but I could use a real good kicker like that, too. So if you do get this dish banger's address I wish you would let me have him. I hate to quarrel with any one, and I hate a scene of any kind where I play the star part, but I really enjoy witnessing the thoro lambasting of any one who needs it as badly as some of the people I have run up against lately. I would like to schedule your tray banging exponent to appear in the midst of the select circle in which I move about every two or three weeks."

"Excuse me for butting in, and I know it's none of my business," chimed in the passenger across the aisle, "but do you think once in two long weeks is often enough?

"I don't think it is. It would be a mistake, I know, to let the Busy Bunch in our neighborhood get a two weeks' start without a squelching. They need it every three days. There's my wife and my wife's mother and the woman who borrows our telephone. The things they know, or claim to know, and the things they believe, or claim to believe, arrive at such monstrous proportions after a couple of meetings as to require the services of a strong iron hand, such as that of your friend the tray banger, and it would be worth something to me to have that person tackle my bunch."

The conductor, having by this time secured all the tickets, moved haughtily on without enlightening the distressed passengers.

Mind and Matter

"DO YOU believe in hypnotism?" asked the man with the ingratiating manner.

"No, or yes, whatever you like," responded the bored man. "I will believe in it or not, just as you say, without any argument, so long as you don't prescribe it for me or any of my family. I mean that hypnotism is all right for you if you want it. I don't want it and won't have it. Indulge in it if you want to and I won't criticise you, but don't suggest hypnotism to me. I would appreciate it as a favor if you would refrain from any suggestion that hypnotism will cure my cold, mow my lawn, plow my garden, kill mosquitoes, spank the kids or perform any other function which I am at present performing by other means.

"If you can hypnotize the weeds out of your garden, flies out of your milk and original sin out of your own kids, all right, go to it! But don't suggest that I practice hypnotism on mine.

"We had hypnotism in our house once and we don't want it any more. Hypnotism spoiled our best parlor rug, that's what it did for us! There was a bunch of young people at our house one evening while the old folks were at prayer meeting and some bright guest suggested a little hyp by way of entertainment. Another bright young chap of an accommodating disposition volunteered to be the hypnotizing and another equally ready and willing guest offered to be hypnotized, and I, poor boob of a host, being ignorant of the consequences and more or less defenseless anyway, agreed that the idea was capital.

"So the hypnotist got busy. He told the subject of his remarks that he was a great athlete and presently the latter was jumping over the piano, standing on his head and was just about to use the chandelier as a trapeze when I, not being under the spell at all, succeeded in getting the motion indefinitely postponed.

"Then we had comedy. The fellow who was hypnotized was told that he was going fishing and had to cut some worms for bait. Under this delusion the hypnotizee whipped out a knife and cut large slices of imaginary worms, which was funny from the guests' point of view, but not from mine, because in cutting imaginary worms he cut real slashes in our parlor rug.

"That's why we never had any more hypnotism in our house. So if you have any curiosity regarding occult things and things that transcend the senses you had better pursue your investigations on your own ground. I go in for the physical aspect myself, objects and affairs that you can hear and feel, and especially materials you can see, like parlor rugs, articles that are paid for in real money and not in gyrations of the superetheric brain."

And the man with the ingratiating manner smiled not quite so ingratiatingly and moved away with a disappointed air.

* * *

Smart Boys.

THE schoolmaster was giving the boys a lecture on thrift and pointed out how squirrels stored up nuts for the winter. Then he asked for another illustration of thrift in animals, and one boy cried out.

"A dog!"

"A dog! In what way does a dog practice economy?"

"Please, sir, when he runs after his tail he makes both ends meet."

The master laughed, and another boy said:

"A bear."

"Well, what does the bear do?"

"He makes one coat last him for a lifetime."

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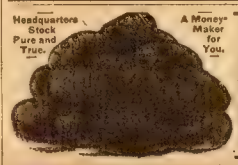

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Buying Virtue.

"THAT child next door is absolutely the worst I ever saw in my life!" declared the landlady.

"He sure is," agreed the cranky boarder. "And he works overtime at it. He gets up early in the morning, with the birds in fact, so as to get an early start. He put in three hours of whining before breakfast this morning."

"His mother is quite firm sometimes," declared the soft hearted boarder.

"She was firm this morning," agreed the cranky boarder. "She was firmly determined not to spank him, no matter how long he whined, and she didn't."

"They never spank him at all," explained the landlady's daughter.

"A great mistake," commented the wise boarder.

"What do they do? Shame him, or something?" asked the inquisitive boarder.

"No," resumed the landlady's daughter, "they bribe him. Whenever they want him to do things they bribe him, and when they don't want him to do things they bribe him. It's bribery either way, which is rather encouraging to badness, as he doesn't stay bribed very long.

"If they bribe him not to whine he proceeds to throw things at the neighbors, and as soon as they buy him off on that he thinks up something else to do. One of his tricks is to make nervous faces, another consists in evolving original and particularly aggravating noises, and as fast as he is bought off from one thing he invents another."

"Hardly an ideal way to raise a child," observed the pretty teacher.

"I used to accept a few bribes when I was a kid," confessed the reminiscent boarder. "I used to get 5 cents for taking a bath."

"That wasn't a bribe at all," said the argumentative boarder. "It's worth 5 cents to a boy to take a bath any day. Look at the time consumed that way that could be spent spinning tops, playing marbles or playing 'duck on the rock' or shinny."

"I used to get 5 cents an hour for practicing on the piano," confessed the pretty teacher, "and I didn't consider the remuneration quite what it ought to be. It is true that there were certain kinds of practicing that were not worth what I received. There was a sort of finger wiggling exercise that I could do and read a book at the same time when I had my book properly placed. When my book would prove too interesting for me to maintain the proper wiggle my mother would detect the irregularity and call to me from upstairs to get to work and practice properly. Thereupon I would give better attention to my wiggling until another tense situation would develop in my story."

At this point conversation was checked by the arrival of hot cakes made entirely without wheat flour.

Helping the Minister.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Mary, who is always anxious to be in everything that goes on, lives in a small town where the long-suffering minister still endures donation parties to make up his back salary. Just before the last one she begged eagerly:

"Can't I take something, too, muvver?"

No; if your father and I take something that will be plenty."

But the child could not bear to give up the idea, so she ransacked the whole house for something suitable. Finally she appeared before her mother with a worn and faded dress of her own.

"Please, muvver, can't I take this? See, it's not a speck of good for anything," she urged.

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MOTHER'S FIRST SEASON

By Evangeline Weir

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ELIZABETH BARRY turned from the mirror where she was arranging her hair and looked thoughtfully at her sister while she worked out a problem that had worried her for some time.

"Mother must be educated up to the present standard of society," she declared.

Julia shook her head.

"To start mother in the right way is not as easy as you think. She lacks knowledge of the latest shoes and cosmetics."

"I shall take her in hand immediately."

"She may object to your theory of education for mothers."

"The mother of up to date daughters has no right to indulge in last year's shoes and skirts."

Julia laughed.

"I am not equal to the task," she said with a shrug.

* * * * * * *

At twenty Anne Barry had married a struggling young lawyer; six years later she was a widow with two children and an income barely sufficient to keep them comfortable. After years of the strictest economy she had suddenly come into a fortune thru the death of an uncle. The daughters, having finished their college course, purchased a big house, furnished it up to date, and employed so many maids and men-servants that she was bewildered.

The daughters lost no time in telling their mother of their plan for her betterment.

"You have been shut in from the world too long," Elizabeth said, with her arms around her mother's neck. "We are going to educate you."

"It is the fashion now for children to bring up their parents," Julia put in.

Anne Barry, forty-six years old and conspicuous for her plain dresses and commonsense shoes, smiled whimsically at a mental picture of herself fashionably attired and chaperoned by her wise daughters.

Followed an hour when she was massaged, manicured, powdered, and her hair waved and twisted to suit her style. She submitted to the torture, wondering if it had been like that to her children when she had combed, bathed and dressed them. Finally she was coaxed into an elaborate negligee and forced into a pair of French slippers.

Having finished her toilet to the last detail, they led her in triumph to a tall mirror, where she gazed with undisguised satisfaction at the new woman.

"I look young enough to be my own daughter. Please take them off before I am completely demoralized."

"This is but the beginning of the dresses, hats and shoes; of the theaters, dinners and dances you are to attend."

"I am in the hands of the enemy," she said in mock dismay.

"Now, mother, all you have to do is to live up to the part we want you to play."

"I have forgotten how to play," she said.

But she had not.

Anne Barry was a great success. The things denied her in youth were now crowded into her life, and she accepted them with the eager delight of a child. Silk stockings and French heels gave her a thrill which lifted the years from her shoulders. Her daughters had succeeded beyond their wildest dream. Mother was not only faultlessly attired in the latest approved style, but she felt and looked young.

"Mother is enjoying the show," Elizabeth remarked one night, as she and her sister were watching the radiant woman for whose advent they were responsible. "She gets more out of it than we do."

Julia laughed and said: "We are old—she is divinely young.

"I feel like her grandmother."

"Who is sending her flowers?"

Elizabeth's eyes asked questions

"Chaperon off of duty! White violets, orchids, and yesterday a single red rose."

"Was there a card?"

"No."

"We must look into this matter; it may be serious."

"It is a strain on one to steer mother thru her first season."

Mother was coming toward them on the arm of a man whose name counted in their circle. Her eyes were dancing and her face was flushed as she listened to what he was saying.

Elizabeth looked at Julia.

"It is hard to believe—to face the truth—but mother is a flirt," Julia faltered.

They laughed.

"He sent the flowers."

Neither heat nor cold lessened Anne Barry's interest in her new life. July found her at the shore joining in all its pleasures, while August and September were spent at a big hotel at the mountains, motoring, climbing, playing golf. They all made a deep appeal, and the years slipped like a cloak from her shoulders.

Her daughters were spending the summer with an aunt on the Maine coast, and she felt an odd freedom in their absence.

The girls were little troubled at the unsatisfactory letters she wrote them.

"I wonder if it is safe to leave her alone?" Elizabeth questioned. "She may have a bad reaction during our absence and return to the commonsense shoes and plain hair. Such is often the case when one flames up suddenly."

"Mother will not die down until she has worn those Paris dresses ordered for this winter. She is reckless with her money."

"I Look Young Enough to Be My Own Daughter."

Elizabeth's face grew tender.

"The old days were hard ones. We do not realize how hard they must have been for a pleasure-loving nature like mother's."

"She is beautiful!"

"She is splendid! I am proud of her."

Anne Barry, unconscious of the opinions of her daughters, was adding the last touch to her dress. She examined herself critically as she stood before the mirror in a gown of soft gray chiffon relieved by a touch of coral on the waist, and coral beads around her firm white throat.

"I am a credit to my daughters," she said, with a mock courtesy to herself in the mirror. "And the worst of it is, I am enjoying myself thoroly. I wonder what Philip would say if he could see me now?" If he had lived——" Her eyes looked straight into the reflected ones. "I wonder?"

Bruce Crawford waited for her coming. It seemed to him that he had been waiting for her all his life. He led her out into the scented darkness and told her the old story as eternal as the hills.

Returning to the hotel she found her daughters present. For the first time in her life they jarred her. Her new world was only large enough for two; even her children could not enter into her heaven.

Bruce Crawford, too, was disturbed They seemed so old and worldly beside their radiant eager mother.

One morning, after many fruitless attempts to adjust themselves to the new conditions, Bruce Crawford took Anne Barry for a climb. The invitation had not included the daughters. Elizabeth, watching them over the hill, had a sudden awakening.

"Mother has a beau!" she gasped.

"We might have known—she is so charming."

"He has wealth, culture, and comes from an old Colonial family."

"We have succeeded; she is a credit to any daughter."

"The greatest success in life may spell failure," Julia said miserably. "We have lost our mother. She no longer wants us."

Two troubled, determined daughters met Anne Barry when she returned from the climb among the hills. She turned a glowing face toward them, then passed on to her room and locked the door. Elizabeth, the bolder of the two, knocked for admittance, and was refused for the first time in her memory.

"It must stop at once," she told her sister. "Mother is too old to consider marriage and forsake us. We count less than a cipher beside this new emotion. She has always been like clay in our hands."

"She has hardened into a beautiful piece of pottery which our hands shaped, and a mere man, seeing that it is good to look upon, wants it for his old Colonial mansion."

"Julia, be quiet. This is no joking matter. Mother intends to marry that man and does not want us in her new happiness. I think it is shabby of mother after all our work for her betterment."

At dinner Anne Barry's face still glowed and she answered absently when spoken to. Elizabeth's eyes, falling on her mother's left hand, saw a diamond sparkle where the gold band had so long held the first place.

"We demoralized her when we waved her hair and threw away her commonsense shoes," she whispered to her sister.

They were a little cool to mother the rest of the day, but the fact that she did not realize it hurt them.

"Your daughters do not encourage the

advent of a new father," Bruce Crawford said, when they were alone.

"I do not know but that Elizabeth will cut down my allowance and lock me in my room," she replied. "They do not need us. She can get at any rate. They introduced me into society and feel responsible for my behavior. According to their light, I am making a foolish blunder. Elizabeth intends to telegraph my brother to come up here and persuade me to return your ring."

His lips tightened.

"You will not be influenced to throw me over?"

"Do not be alarmed. I am going to marry you even if they lock me up. Elizabeth will make an unpleasant scene before she yields."

"Anne, have you the courage to elope with me?"

She gasped at the thought.

"Arne!" he pleaded.

"I should love to do it, but they have brought me up so incorrectly that I lack the courage necessary to such a departure."

"I'll have the car ready at 11 tonight. You go to your room—have a headache—request not to be disturbed."

"Elizabeth nurses me on such occasions."

"We will go to New York and be married, then telegraph them that we are on our honeymoon."

The plans were finally arranged to the satisfaction and humor of both, when Elizabeth claimed her mother and carefully guarded her the remainder of the evening.

"I think mother is a little frightened about Uncle George coming to talk this matter over," she told her sister. She did not look toward Mr. Crawford tonight. When he asked her to look at some pictures he had taken she bluntly refused."

Anne Barry waited until all was silent in her daughter's room. Then she dressed quickly and quietly and slipped out of the house.

"I feel like a thief trying to escape with the family silver," she said, as Bruce Crawford closed the door of the car and seated himself beside her.

All night they traveled, stopping at a little wayside inn, where they had breakfast. The car, too, needed some repairs.

While Anne was waiting, a big car stopped, and her brother stepped out.

"Anne!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here? Elizabeth telegraphed me to meet you at Mount Washington on important business. How is it that I find you here?"

The humor of the situation appealed to Anne.

"I am eloping, George."

Her words had no meaning to him.

"Anne, stop joking and explain Elizabeth's telegram."

"I am about to be married, and my daughters object. Elizabeth has sent for you to persuade me to be sensible. I am running away from you and Elizabeth."

George looked as if he thought the world was coming to an end.

"And where is the fool who has coaxed you into this disgraceful adventure?"

Bruce Crawford appearing at this time, the situation dawned upon George, and his mirth was uncontrollable. Crawford was smiling, too, and holding out his hand to her brother.

"So you are the kidnaper-bridegroom—running away with the mother of my nieces! A good story for the club, old man. Anne," he went on, turning to his sister, "this is one of my best friends, and I am ashamed to find him running away with you. I had better go along and see that things are done according to Elizabeth's idea of the conventions. Then I'll telegraph to her. I have no desire to meet her under existing conditions."

"Nor I," Anne added.

Elizabeth and Julia, coming in from an early tramp, failed to locate their mother.

"Mr. Crawford has taken her for a ride," Julia said.

But when neither Crawford nor their mother appeared at dinner or supper Elizabeth looked worried.

At 10 o'clock a telegram was delivered at their room. Elizabeth opened it with unsteady fingers.

"Your mother and Bruce Crawford were married this p. m. I gave the bride away "UNCLE GEORGE."

"She eloped last night!" Elizabeth exclaimed. "Mother eloped with Mr. Crawford. We steered her thru all the troubles which beset a woman of limited experience only to find that we have lost her."

"You don't know your own mother," Julia said weakly.

"Nor your own uncle. He must have been in the game. I shall tell Uncle George what I think of his conduct."

"There is no use trying to deal sensibly with a woman in love. She will climb out of a window if she is 70 and a man below waiting for her!"

Elizabeth put the telegram in her purse.

"After all, we did not know her. How ungrateful! I am glad she is off my hands. It has been a great strain upon me."

* * *

SULLIVAN MAKES HIS ESCAPE

SULLIVAN is an American soldier in France. Before he enlisted he was a bartender in New York City. So a long, arduous stretch of duty in the trenches had made him very, very weary. He had saved up his pay and as soon as he got out of the trenches he was bound he was going to have a grand and glorious time if he could get leave of absence for a few days. Two hundred and twenty francs were in his pocket, and he smiled happily as he thought of what was to come.

Suddenly an order came down the line. The men were going over the top in a few minutes for the purpose of stringing wires in front of the trenches.

It was about 1 o'clock in the morning, when the stringing of the wires was almost completed, that Sullivan became aware of something strange and foreign in the surrounding darkness. What it was he could not determine, and a vague presentiment of danger beset the man.

"Close in on the left!"

Stanton whispered the order to Sullivan, then shouldered his mallet and walked away. Sullivan lifted the rifle-lying against the entanglement, then placed it down again as he suddenly remembered a spade he had been using, which was now lying on the field away to the right. He went in that direction, found the spade and was on the point of turning up when a dark form took shape in the darkness and a bayonet was thrust forward until it almost touched Sullivan's face. He stood upright with a gasp of surprise.

"You are mine prisoner," the figure in the darkness whispered. "Put the two hands up!"

The bayonet almost touched Sullivan's chin; more forms showed in the darkness; the American saw that he had no chance and he put both hands over his head.

The German went round the prisoner until he got behind him. With his bayonet almost touching the American's neck, he spoke in a whisper. "You haf not to speak," he said, "and you haf got to march quick back with me."

At this point it is as well to let Sullivan finish the story in his own words, as he did when speaking to his two comrades in the trenches half an hour afterward.

"Mother iv God, it went against the grain in me, a Sullivan, that has me own two brothers—in the Irish Guards they were—killed by the Germans, to obey the order iv that Heiney. But what could I do, and him at the back iv me, with his bay'net almost touchin' the bone iv me neck? I couldn't look around behind me at all, and I could only keep me two eyes in front iv me and walk as steady as a top sergeant on parade. And there was such a mob iv Germans goin' back to their trench, and only one American with them, and that was me! Me, with two hundred and twenty francs in me pocket! No Paris now for Sullivan, late of Kelly's saloon. Nothing for him but prison in Germany! 'It's better for me to be a dead man than that,' says I to meself as I came up to the German's wire, and the fellow that had me in charge told me to crawl thru a hole that he pointed out. The other men had spread out and were all over the place, some to the left and some to the right and others thru and up at their own parapet. They were all in a hurry gettin' in, I'm tellin' ye.

"'Ye haf to go thru that first,' says the German to me, like a bullock breakin' into a grazin' field. All at once he let rip somethin' which I took to be a curse, and I looks around. There was me German lying on the wires, for he had tripped and came a cropper. 'Twasn't a chance to be lost, I'm tellin' ye, and in a flicker iv an eyelid I was sittin' on his neck.

"'Not a word, now,' says I, 'or I'll mash yer head in!' and as I spoke I made a grab for his bay'net. But it was hard to get it free, for he had fallen with the full weight iv his body on the top iv it. As he was a heavy man and a bulky obstruction, I had to get up to remove him. I was just in time, for I just managed to get out iv reach iv the bay'net lounge iv two Heineys that came runnin' back to help their mate. So there was noshin' left for me to do but scoot—and I scooted! No man in all the war has flew across No Man's Land as I flew across it didn't take me long to get here, and now I am a happy man, for I 'ave my two hundred and twenty francs in me pocket and I am going to look for leave iv absence to get away to Paris the morrow."

* * *

Something to Boast About.

SENATOR WEEKS, apropos of the Luxburg, Bernstorff, Von Igel and other German exposures, said in Washington the other day:

"Germany seems to approve the unexampled wickedness of her sons. She reminds me of the old man at the club.

"An old man sat reading a newspaper in a club while a group of young fellows talked excitedly about the marvelous power for lying possessed by a certain Jack Courtney. When their talk ceased the old man cleared his throat and said:

"'Gentlemen, I have just heard you decide that Jack Courtney is the biggest liar in the United States. I am his father.'

"A young man, very red in the face, started to apologize, but the old boy said:

"'No! No! Don't apologize. It isn't necessary. I merely wanted to say, gentlemen, that if you consider my son Jack the biggest liar in the United States, it's very evident that you have never met my other son, Jim.'"

* * *

Not Very Deep.

WITH a face that vainly endeavored to appear mournful and eyes that strove to produce a respectful flow of tears, Patrick Murphy entered a shop.

"I want ye to tell me," he began, "phwat the custom is for th' wearin iv mourning, the depth of it, I mean?"

"Well," replied the assistant, "of course, it varies. If it is a near relative, a band of black on the sleeve or hat, and for a distant friend a black tie is enough."

For some moments Patrick Murphy considered. "Give me a shoe lace," he said at last. "It's me wife's mother."

* * *

Soup Lore of Alsace.

HE IS as cheerful as sausage soup.

The weather clears off like flour soup.

You have dished out your soup and now you must eat it.

You marry? Why, you don't know how to make water soup.

She must have had giggle soup today. (Of a girl who cannot stop laughing.)

If I did such a mean thing I should have to eat it with my soup every day.

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Not one penny—just sign your name—it brings you your trial package. Pay for it if you wish at the end of thirty days—could anything be more fair? It's your chance—act quickly. Spik and Span is the greatest seller on the market today—it is ready for your territory. Send the coupon.

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A most startling thing threatened a great city until the ingenuity of Christopher Poe found the key to a mystery.

In the Crocodile's Jaws

By Robert Carlton Brown

THE sun shone hot in Hamburg that day; and nowhere was the heat more intense than on that last narrow strip of a street clinging desperately to the land, but crumbling off now and again in blistering wharves and deserted piers, the piles of which were water-rotted, while the surface-boards showed white and dry-scorched above. Most of the sailors and longshoremen had found refuge in the many rathskellers with which the wharf districts of Hamburg are populated.

It was Saturday afternoon, nearly all cargoes had been unloaded from the thronging vessels; some with barbarously painted funnels, others with huge tobacco-brown sails.

Christopher Poe sauntered afong the strip of street, stopping now and then to inspect with fond eyes the striking lines of some fast freighter, or to scan one or another of the huge warehouses lining the other side of the street. Strange warehouses they were, filled with Heaven knows what, from Heaven knows where. There is no such port in the world as Hamburg for strange merchandise. Even in the glow of the hot sun the place bristled with romance, suggesting strange and fascinating possibilities to Poe, who once had been a sailor himself, as his squared, thick-set chest and keen eye indicated. He had skipped away from his banking duties in New York and was touring parts of the world as familiar to him as [illegible] the Bowery. In his qui[illegible] vestigations, his diversion from h[illegible]liant work in banking, he had come to know every old nook and corner of the world, and this Hamburg wharf district ever had been close to his heart since he had sailed into the wonderful p[illegible] little more than a boy.

Twice he stopped in the sl[illegible]bled thorofare and listened [illegible] then shrugged his shoulders a[illegible] on, unmindful of the intens[illegible] sun.

At length, as he neared a great [illegible] where no ship rode at anchor [illegible] which a huge iron-bo[illegible] stood, the rear square agai[illegible] he stopped and strained forwa[illegible] ing.

There came a sudden roar, a strange, resounding, reverberating roar. It would have been deafening had it not been for the fact that it seemed muffled within the huge warehouse, the entrance to whi[illegible] was still obscured from Poe; for i[illegible] on the nearby side street.

There developed as he listened a wild mingling of noises, chorusing up in [illegible] perfect babble. Out of the jumble som[illegible] of the more insistent, penetrating sounds came clear to his taut eardrum.

There was a shrill scream like that of a strange waterfowl; the deep rumbling roar of a bear; the screech of some big cat, the piercing note of a trumpet-tongued beast.

He dashed forward, turned the corner, his nostrils sensing the smell of smoke. In that narrow street, lending itself so nicely to vibration, the air was utterly deafening with a confusion of jumbled sounds, clangorous, ear-splitting.

There was a strange throng quickly collecting in front of the warehouse. Poe read in a flash the German sign stretching along the front of the building:

Haggerup & Co., Dealers
WILD ANIMALS.

A huge plate glass window in front barred with heavy iron rods five inche[illegible] apart, was belching forth smoke thru which the burning sun shone, fully illuminating a smashed plate glass tank right in front with a thousand strange fish flapping and flashing on the floor amid the smoke and confusion.

"Feuer! Feuer!", screamed the excited mob of sailors and longshoremen. The huge iron-bound door had evidently been burst open from within at the first [illegible]rm, and men went plunging thru the [illegible]nous opening with hastily snatched pails of water, and men came struggling out, dropping, almost overcome with smoke. Some were wildly demanding that the door be closed, declaring that the animals had all broken loose from their cages and would spring upon the crowd, fire-maddened. In support of their statement several flare-eyed scorch-haired monkeys had bounded thr[illegible] the door, screaming.

Then the fire wagon clanged up [illegible]

Amid that hell of noise there came an instantaneous lull. Christopher Poe, on the edge of the crowd and near the long side of the building extending back to the water, felt that he heard a far-off splash as tho some huge animal, maddened by the flames, had plunged into the water somewhere in the rear of the building. But duller and less watchful ears would not have caught the sound at all, for an instant later the hubbub had broken out afresh. There came a sudden metallic ring amid the vociferation; the heavy nozzle of the fire hose already had been rushed into service and had clanged against an iron shield to the big door.

Another hose was directed thru the big broken window in front, and the firemen's helmets glistened hotly thru the smoke as the sheet of water was aimed within.

It was all over in an astonishingly short time. Every one looked relieved, but for vague apprehension of the animal cries. The smoke was almost gone. Steam now welled up thru the door and window. Evidently the fire had been checked in the right moment, for it w[illegible], and a few firemen were rushing [illegible]hin.

He Promptly Killed the Beast.

Poe chafed under the yoke of inaction. Seizing an extra helmet from the wagon near by, he dashed into the building [illegible]lessly, tho there was no telling whether he might expect the spring of a crazed Numidian Hon, the bone-crunching embrace of a frantic bear, or the strike of a furious hooded snake. No one stayed his progress, it had all happened so quickly that not even a police line had been formed.

Once within, Poe engaged amid the clearing smoke and stifling steam in a hand to hand conflict with several Mona monkeys, Sooty Mangabeys and Patas, which, in the excitement, had broken open the door to the huge vivarium where they had been caged together, being peaceful mates. They scurried and screamed about the great roomful of cages, avoiding pursuit with dexterous dodging.

When some order had been restored and the firemen were leaving, Poe joined the three frightened animal keepers who were counting the recaptured monkeys, lemurs and marmosets.

"Thank God!" cried one, in German, [illegible]one of the larger beasts had got loose. If Babo, the ape, or that tiger over there had got out! Mein Gott! What a scene! What a scene there would have been!"

One of the keepers dashed off at that moment toward the crocodile pond, inclosed by a low wire fence. The crocodiles still were in commotion, doubtless due to the heating of the water in their pond and the cement which cropped out [illegible]y near the railing, where they some[illegible] lay, half out of water.

A cry came from him as he stopped [illegible]ore a single cage, the door flung open, swinging useles[illegible]

"Babo!" he screamed. "Babo did es[illegible] cape. Where is he?"

The appalled keepers were dumfounded; one rushed to the front door to see if he had gone that way; another ran to the rear, and the third suddenly chased off toward a gallery at the side, where a huge Hamadryas baboon, who had so far escaped notice, clung to a wall support, uttering explosive, ear-cracking cries. The beasts had by no means become quiet. A huge leopard was cringing about his cage with twitching whiskers, snarling and spitting; a great cage of Asiatic owls [illegible]bristled and bulged to thrice their size in anger and were hooting horribly. A [illegible]ping rhinoceros belched forth an occasional roar that made the building tremble; and two huge crocodiles in the tank were lashing their tails and beating about in a frenz[illegible]

[illegible] aroused by the strange actions of these reptiles, stepped to the wired inclosure; one of the huge pairs of jaws snapped at him as he approached and the wicked little eyes, set bulgingly at the sides of the head, gleamed cruelly. Warned back, Poe stood at a slight distance, looking on at the fierce foment within the pond. There were three beasts, one lying close to the railing, utterly silent, with the usual malicious, hypocritical smile of that reptile when its jaws and eyes are shut in sleep. Strange that it could sleep thru all the commotion. Poe suddenly started. Thru the head of the animal, just above one closed eye was a neat round hole, as tho made by a bullet of high caliber; as the American looked close he found that the hole was full of slow, sluggish blood, clotted at th[illegible] a little of the thinner fluid [illegible] down the nose of the reptile and along the scallops of his jaws, jammed together as they were in that characteristic grim grin.

At that moment the keeper who had shed to the rear came back with big, [illegible]ghtened eyes and held out a thick steel window bar, pointed at one end where it had fitted thru a hole in the iron-reinforced masonry. That end of the rod was coated with thick blood for six inches upward from the point.

"Babo jumped into the water from the little back window, ripping out these bars," he cried in German. "Look! It is blood! He has used it to kill, or has hurt himself with it."

Poe answered smoothly in the same tongue, as tho it were his language.

"But an ape does not swim if he can help it."

"Ach, Gott! I do not know what to make of it all."

"How did the fire start?" asked Poe.

"That I do not know either."

He interrupted himself to acquaint his two brother keepers who came running up with his discovery.

"But what kind of an ape was Babo?" asked Poe, feeling privileged thru his work in assisting with the recaging of the monkeys.

"Oh, he was a bad one," said the first keeper. "We haven't had him more than a week. He was to be shipped to America. He was a big brute, four feet high,

an orang-outang; strong enough to twist off that big lock to his cage, you will notice. Weighed one hundred and forty pounds. Just came from Borneo, seemed to be half tame, but vicious; you never can tell about those orang-outangs. They bought him from a native. The largest ever caught; worth a thousand dollars or more. It will mean our jobs, the losing of him."

"And here's another little loss," answered Poe soberly, taking the rod from the second keeper and pointing to the hole in the crocodile's head.

"Mein Gott!" cried the head keeper the second keeper and the assistant, in a commiserating chorus.

It was easy to see how the animal had been killed

"Ach," cried the head keeper, "Babo must have twisted off his lock, released his monkey friends in the big vivarium, then leaped for the window in the back, thru which he escaped. He must have stumbled over the low fence to the sunken pond here; I have always feared it myself. The crocodile, excited by the fire and all, must have snapped at him and Babo, maddened, struck him thru the head full force with the steel rod he had jerked from the window."

"But that means Babo must have gone to the window first and procured the steel bar," objected Poe. "You can't explain it that way; he wouldn't be likely to go to the window and take out the steel bar and come back to kill the crocodile with it."

"No, it doesn't seem so. But, ach," cried the head keeper, "here is another five hundred dollars gone. It is a rare Asiatic crocodile, lives only in salt water."

"Better holst it out," warned Poe, as the other crocodiles were still lashing about, now and again striking with their tails the dead carcass, "or the hide won't be worth mounting."

The suggestion was acted upon at once and a few minutes later, by the aid of a pole or two and some rope tackle, the monster lay without the inclosure.

Poe suddenly found himself alone beside the ugly form on the floor. The keepers had been interrupted by policemen and interested agents of the company, who had been admitted to the building. As he stooped to examine the mouth he gave a sudden start. Where the scalloped edges of the jaws joined he had noticed blood and thought it came from the wound. But now he realized his mistake and, looking around to make sure that he was not observed, carefully took the clean end of the window bar and pried open the huge mouth. He swayed back at the astonishing sight that presented itself. Then, controlling himself in a second after passing a wavering hand thru his hair, his helmet having tipped off he made a quick convert motion, took something from between the ugly jaws of the monster, wrapped the object dexterously in two handkerchiefs and slipped it into his coat pocket.

Then he stood up, the reptilian jaws mashed back to place and turned to talk with one of the members of the firm of Haggerup & Co., who had been summoned to the scene of havoc.

"You are very lucky," said Poe. "The fire was well controlled."

"Ah, but the rest is not over yet The fire did not do much damage, but think what may happen with Babo loose in the city? He is a powerful ape. He may kill a dozen men while avoiding recapture. It is not so much the loss of him as the fact that we can't conceal his escape or lives will be endangered. We must tell all and it will give the house a bad name. It will make people afraid of us."

"You haven't given out the news yet?"

"No. But the reporters are here, and what is safe from them?"

"Call your keepers then and warn them to say nothing about it. I think I can recover your ape before he collects any toll of human life, if you'll keep the thing secret. If it gets out that you know Babo has escaped you won't have such a good chance to get him back."

"And who are you?" asked the other, evidently impressed by Poe's manner.

"Never mind that now. Tell me, have they found how the fire started?"

"Yes. It was accidental. The big fish tank filled with strange new specimens was moved today by some longshoremen and foolishly left right where it would get the afternoon's sun rays. I have cautioned against that before. Then some straw bedding was accidentally left where the sun's rays, working thru both the plate glass windows and the perfect sunglass formed by the fish tank full of water, could ignite it. It was great carelessness."

"Have you the names of any of those longshoremen who helped move the tank?"

"No, of course not. They are just picked up along the docks when there is any work for them and paid off on the spot."

"And you don't remember any of them?"

"No. But the keepers might. Still, they have been so lax in their duty I don't suppose they noticed either. They were all in a back room where they live, playing cards, when the fire started. It being Saturday afternoon and no ship in, they gave that as an excuse. When they finally were aroused they had to dash thru the smoke and fire for their lives, to the front door, giving the alarm."

"Call them over here, anyway, will you?" replied Poe. "If this thing gets into the papers you'll probably never get Babo back and, of course, it must be published, for the animal is apt to do much harm. But I want you to promise you won't give out the news before midnight tonight. It is now only four-thirty. Will you do it? I can only say that I have some inside facts that may help."

"But what do you want out of it? Are you looking for a reward?"

"Oh, no," answered Poe with a reserved smile. "It is my pleasure. Give me seven hours. It may save your company the danger of getting a bad name."

"Yes, I will risk it," was the reply. "Seven hours isn't long. Babo will probably be so frightened he will not appear anywhere before morning—but he has made good his escape and there is no use sending out many men to look for him now; it will only raise suspicion."

The helpers had gathered around meantime and Poe questioned them quickly regarding the moving of that big glass fish tank. The head keeper and his second man were much embarrassed by his questions. They knew nothing and finally admitted that the superintending of the tank which had been moved just before noon, when the warehouse closed, to make room for a new cage, had been left wholly to the younger man, their assistant. This young fellow finally recalled two or three of the longshoremen who had assisted with the work.

"Was there one who looked as tho he might be a native of Borneo?" questioned Poe sharply.

"Yes, a negro has hung around here for the past three or four days. They call him Jock; he's a wharf rat from Borneo. He was the one who insisted on dropping his end of the tank right in front of the window, and it was left there because it was late and I was in a hurry for my lunch and never thought."

"Good!" cried Poe. Turning to the member of the firm, he requested that gentleman to wait for him there until midnight and left at once, having stopped to examine some rather indistinct marks on the floor, leading from the crocodile pond to the small window in the rear, from which the bars had been torn.

Then he hurried around to the narrow ledging at the back of the warehouse and found, as he had expected, that the shed next door cut off a view of the little window from any small passing watercraft, and there were no big vessels in motion that afternoon. Having assured himself of this, and made note of a bloody print on the side of the wall below the window, Poe hurried to the end of a nearby wharf and rented a boat with a man to row him. He ordered the oarsman to take him back to the rear of the animal warehouse, then row out slowly past the end of the docks. There he had the boat held still while he examined the bank on both the right and left. Finding that one side offered comparative safety from observation on account of being subject to less traffic, and having smaller deserted piers along its edge, Poe ordered to be rowed in that direction.

He kept a sharp lookout along the bank for rowboats or small craft of any sort. Several times he drew into shore and carefully examined the interior of a boat drawn up, anchored or tied. But nothing seemed to answer to the object of his search.

At length, past six o'clock, he came to a little dock where boats were rented to the public. Here he landed and tipped the proprietor for permission to examine the interior of his skiffs. He went over them carefully and finished with a puzzled look, having found nothing.

Suddenly he turned to the proprietor and asked in faultless German for an old rag to clean his boat with

The man brought out some dirty cloths and Poe looked them over carefully, missing nothing. Again his short, thick eyebrows came together sharply and he shrugged his shoulders in disappointment.

Finally he was forced to embark and push his way farther along the shore. It was growing dark; he watched each small craft with eager eyes and seemed very anxious, chewing a cigar impatiently and urging the man to row faster.

At length he came to the end of the squalid wharf district and the city stretched before him, smooth-banked.

His manner had been quickening noticeably and as he saw the impossibility of finding any small boat moored at this distance, he gave the order to turn back.

The last glow in the west was waning; it was fast becoming dark, and still Poe sat in the bow scanning each rowboat on land as he passed.

Finally he started up from his seat.

"Wait!" he cried, glancing back thru the growing darkness a second later. "Row to that pier!"

It was with difficulty Poe remained in the boat, and as it nosed against the land he leaped out. The skiff that had attracted his attention was one which had been shoved up almost behind a low shed, in such a manner that only its stern showed, and it had been impossible to see it when Poe was being rowed in the other direction.

Hurrying into the little hut at the water's edge, which partly concealed the boat, of which Poe made a hasty examination on his way, the detective shook a sleepy old German by the arm and asked abruptly about the skiff, if it were for rent.

"No. It is too dark. I have no light for it." The German eyed him closely thru narrowed lids.

Poe knew from the man's manner that he lied, and urged anxiously: "But you rented it to my friends this afternoon. My friend with the sick boy?"

The old German looked at him keenly, caught the alertness in Poe's manner, and his eyes suddenly became sullen, shifty. "No," he growled. "I don't know what foolishness you talk."

It was enough; Poe knew that sullen look from long experience with criminal kind. His eyes had been searching the dilapidated little shack; he suddenly turned to one corner and picked up a handful of neglected rags.

A throaty cry came from the old man. "Leave those alone!" he bellowed, charging Poe.

But Poe had unwrapped one and was holding it before the horrified old eyes of the waterman. It was a bit of burlap and it was heavy and stained black with blood.

"Tell me! Where did he go?" cried Poe, realizing the condition of affairs from the old man's bearing. "I mean you no harm. You got a good round fee when the boat came back and you saw the blood, or I misjudge you. It is nothing serious. You will not appear in court. I only want to find the man."

A relieved look swept across the old fellow's face, in spite of his savage effort to seem calm after the one exhibition of

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wrath that had convicted him of guilty knowledge.

Poe dropped the blood-stained rag and flashed an English sovereign—universal currency among seafaring men. The old eyes lighted.

"Where did the man with the sick boy go?" he demanded, slipping the coin into the trembling palm, which closed over it with a snap.

"I don't know." answered the other. "But if you were to follow this alley to the place of Frau Klittenlein, who keeps a boarding-house for foreign sailors, you might find something to your interest. I believe I heard at dinner tonight that she had staying with her a black man with a little daughter, but you wouldn't expect him to be riding about in boats. I hear he is jumpy."

"Gut!" cried Poe, leaving the crafty old fellow and darting thru the alley, filled with strange and loathsome odors issuing from huts and long, low lodging-houses occupied by lawless sailors from abroad.

At the rambling, low-browed lodging-house to which the old waterman had directed him, Poe entered; having thrown off his collar on the way and wrapped his silk necktie about his throat after the manner of the longshoremen in the vicinity. He had rumpled his hair and torn his shirt in the hope that, with an obtuse stare, he might convince Frau Klittenlein that he was her kind, and not arouse too much suspicion.

The Frau stood behind her dirty, fly-infested bar; the place was not yet in full evening swing, only a few sailors lolled about in the front room, playing with thumb-gummy cards and lapping up their beer at long intervals.

Poe lounged up to the dirty bar with the loose swing of a seafaring man; his coat thrown back so she could see the shirt he had torn and dirtied and overlook the newness of the cloth.

"I've got a friend stayin' here, Frau Klittenlein," he said in a swaggering tone in very low German, having ordered a drink. "If it's convenient for him to see me I'd like to say hello. We was mateys, him an' I, you know, sailin' out from Borneo. I know all about the sick little daughter of his—an' the woman. Can I see him?"

"Right you are!" she answered in good broad British, for she dealt with all kinds, and bits of language are universal along the docks. "But he's sick, too, my bucko!" she continued in the kind of German Poe had employed.

"And I was just going to suggest," he continued, "that I'd take him up a bottle of the best schnapps you've got in the house, Frau Klittenlein. He's a black man, you know, and we've drunk our whisky together out of Borneo, many's the time, to keep off the fever."

She gave him a shrewd, calculating look and reached mechanically for a fly-specked bottle on a shelf behind her, handing it to him with the remark:

"I guess you'll do! You're a jolly one for the drink yourself—or the woman wouldn't have rumpled your hair all over your head like that. Four marks is the price, and a better drink ain't to be had in Hell's Quarter."

Christopher Poe gave her a shrewd wink, took the bottle and paid her, still holding out his hand after she had taken the money.

"What do you want now?" she growled, expressing the gruff good nature of her kind. "More drink?"

"No. The key!"

She looked at him for a calculating second. Evidently he passed muster.

"So you know the bucko, all right," she twisted her hard features into a sour smile. "Them black men is bad. He ain't the first that's had himself locked in while he was nursin' a sore head or something." Her German quite matched the English of a practiced Bowery matron.

She handed him the heavy iron key and indicated the rickety stairs at the end of the room. "Way in the back, right hand side, last door," she told him.

As Poe rolled on at once toward the stairs Frau Klittenlein leaned far over the bar suddenly and had a good look at his back. The American cut to his clothes could not be mistaken. Fool a German? Never! Her nose twitched in astonishment. He was a rum one! She hurried out from behind the bar the moment Poe had begun clumping up the stairs. Her finger was on her hard, colorless lips as she approached the tableful of loungers and said something in a hoarse whisper; whereupon, three of her loutish guests lurched from their seats and sneaked silently up the stairs after the man with the seafaring manner and the American clothes.

Christopher Poe turned the key noiselessly in the door to which he had been directed, stepped into the bare room and as quickly and silently replaced the key and locked the door on the inside. All the time his eyes were watchful. The room was black; there was only a patch of light color at one end, near the vaguely outlined window, with drawn blind. Poe wished he had an electric hand lamp. There was nothing but his cigar lighter. So far his entrance had not been noted, at least there was no sign of it. But there came a sudden quiver of that whitish mass and at that instant Poe succeeded in igniting his cigar lighter and transferring the light to a candle his groping fingers had sought out on a rude stand nearby.

A low guttural cry burst forth as the light shone out. The mass of white clothes upheaved and an ugly black face with drawn lips showing gleaming teeth, and tertor-rolling white eye-balls bursting out above, stared at Poe as tho he were the devil himself. There came a startling bumping and clawing from the little closet close beside the bed. The black man trembled, reached covertly along the wall and had his hand on the catch to the closet door when Poe walked quietly toward him and said in French:

"Don't open that door and let your daughter, Babo, out. Let her stay there safely. I noticed the nice little hood and shawl on the foot of the bed there as I entered."

There came a crooning cry from within the closet.

"How's your foot?" inquired Poe as the black man cringed back among the coarse bed clothes and glared with glassy eyes, teeth chattering.

"Who are you? What in h—l do you want?" cried the man in French, very broken French it was.

"I am from Haggerup & Co. I just came to get Babo back. We miss her."

"You don't know what you're talking about. I never——"

Poe turned sharply at a sound from the passage beyond the door he had locked. In a second he realized the sneaking presence of some one outside and gave a quick glance toward the window.

Approaching the quivering black man, he pointed to the door and whispered, "Jock, do you want them to know what that bundle really is that you brought in here tonight as your little girl?"

The black man gave a frightened squeal and a crafty look gleamed in his eye. In the instant that Jock had been surprised by Poe's exclamation the banker-detective had reached the window and thrown up the shade.

"How's your sore foot, Jock?" he queried again, turning to the crafty little fellow, whose feet were both covered by the blanket.

"I have no sore foot! Who the devil are you?" cried the black man, still in seafaring French. "I'll call those outside if you don't tell me what your game is."

He was shrinking back again as Poe stood with a firm smile on his lips, pointing silently toward the closet-door, from within which came a clamorous growling and scratching; then a stout, surprising bump on the door itself.

"But tell me about that foot, Jock?" Poe insisted. At the same time he took from his pocket the object he had removed from the dead crocodile's mouth. The handkerchief's were bloody; the black man watched with glowing, fascinated eyes as Poe opened out the linen on his palm and suddenly revealed to the horrified eyes of the man on the bed two mangled toes and a snapped-off footbone. What skin showed was black, matching Jock's.

Poe dropped the disgusting exhibit. It had served its purpose. The black man went gray and screamed; at the same time he shot back the bolt to the closet-door and, as Poe sprang for his throat he received full in the stomach a vicious seaman's kick which sent him bounding back against the outer door, breathless. At that moment something struck him a terrific blow on the back of his head. There was a shivering of wood. He couldn't locate the ape. As he felt a vague something groping toward him there came a sudden shivering of the door at his back; it gave way beneath husky shoulders and a herd of heavy feet trampled over him into the room.

There came a snarl and a sudden scream; a piercing animal cry; the room revolved in a dimly outlined mass of kicking, struggling legs and arms.

A maze of curses burst forth. The clatter and din was hideous. Poe had lurched to his feet and stood for a moment staring fixedly at the scene of jumbled confusion within the small room. Yes, there it was—at last.

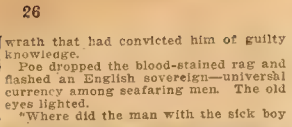
He saw it. Thru the dim light those gripping teeth gleamed, that hairy, horrid-eyed head arose. Babo, the huge ape, was loose. Babo clung there tense to the bedstead, protectingly above his master, and his huge hairy fist shot out like a steel spring and grasped the foremost of the sailors.

Another agonized scream! A wild animal cry!

"Babo! Babo!" yelled Jock in a throaty rattle above the din. "Sacre bleu! L'diable! Jes——"

Poe poised for a leap to the aid of the sailor in the monkey's mangling clutch, when he suddenly saw the ape swing loose with its other hand and grasp a second bellowing, striking seaman. The "man-handling" was hellish. Poe's hand fled to his hip-pocket.

The devil face of the ape, blood-



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thirsty swam before his eyes; his hand jerked from his hip pocket, empty. Jock had attended to the gun that was there.

There came a sudden ringing explosion. The tight little room reverberated with it. Spitting fire had leaped from Poe's revolver in the black man's hand.

There was a crash of feet in the passage without; headed by a huge lamp, rushed Frau Klittenlein, followed by the remaining loungers from below.

A mixture of vile oaths punctured the smoke-filled atmosphere. Poe was suddenly mashed against the passage wall by the bellowing sailors bursting forth from that hideous black hole of a room.

There came a resounding crash of glass. Poe leaped thru the passage, knocking down two lumbering fellows who strove to stop him. He shot down the stairs and outside, around to the ground beneath Jock's window.

There lay a crumpled form, moaning. He turned the man on his back, ignited the cigar-lighter and gazed into the black face of the sailor from Borneo, his lips working violently in excruciating agony, and covered with white foam. Poe caught sight of his feet; a bloody bandage on one had worked up to his ankle and the maimed foot lacked two toes.

A quick motion from beside the huddled form made Poe spin around just in time to evade the snap of ferocious teeth. Babo, the ape, confronted him, struggling toward him weakly, evidently injured.

Poe leaped upon the ape, caught him fairly about his hairy throat and struggled for a violent half minute, with him. Then the monkey's steel-gripping hands relaxed their hold. Poe jumped to his feet, turned hastily toward a mass of frenzied men bursting from the front door of the lodging-house and, gathering up the dead weight of the powerful monkey, clutched it close and managed with difficulty to stagger down the winding alley to the water, turning but once to find that the group had stopped at the insensible form of the black man.

He jumped into the waiting skiff, threw his heavy burden in the bottom and pushed off, telling the man to row like the devil back to Haggerup wharf. During the trip Poe wound rope about the orang-outang's muscular limbs and noted with relief that the animal was still alive and beginning to struggle again.

The member of the firm was waiting for him within the big Haggerup warehouse, in which order had now been restored.

Poe gave Babo to the keepers, and, not stopping for explanations, grasped the astounded member of the firm by the arm and rushed him into the street.

They found a cab some blocks away and drove at once to the hospital nearest Hell's Quarter.

In answer to the German's breathless demands for an explanation, Poe sketched the following briefly during the ride:

"That black man your assistant keeper described and called Jock pulled off the trick. I thought it from the first, when I found he had moved the glass tank into the sun. (That's why I asked you to wait before sending out news of Rabo's escape; I didn't want the thief to take alarm too quickly.) The natives of Borneo are shrewd, they have to make fire by rubbing sticks together and with the sun's rays thru glass or crystals. He saw the power of that tank and figured out the inevitable result. Providing himself with a hood and a shawl, he went alone in a rowboat this afternoon to the end of your warehouse, where he climbed to the narrow ledge around it and worked at the window bars while he was waiting for the fire to start in the straw he had attended to, placing where it would catch the sun's rays and surely ignite; possibly he put something there to hurry matters, matches or anything similar.

"When he saw the fire finally flame up he jerked off the remaining bars, and when your surprised keepers dashed from their quarters thru the smoke and confusion Jock jumped in at the back window, barefooted for quickness, as he always worked aboard ship, carrying one of the bars with him to break off the lock on Babo's cage. In his haste and eagerness, he accidentally stumbled into the crocodile pen; one of the reptiles nipped off two of his toes. He promptly killed the beast with the pointed steel window rod, rushed to Babo's cage and released his pet, who probably clung to him, tho, of course, he was very heavy. That species of ape, as you know, is very faithful to a chosen master and dangerous only with strangers. Jock then broke open the big common monkey cage with the bar, to insure the elapse of a greater space of time before Babo should be missed, if the fire were controlled. He calculated well. Then he probably pushed Babo first thru the window in the rear and plunged into the water himself. I heard the splash. Then he must have helped Babo into the boat, crawled in himself, disguised his frightened pet in the hood and shawl, and rowed along the more deserted and smaller wharves back to the foreign quarter, where he had rented the boat. Then he explained to the boatman, suspicious of his bundle, that it was his sick daughter, and told the same story to the lodging-house lady, probably saying something about a woman or making some explanation for his sore foot, which he stopped to bandage in burlap anew at the waterman's."

"But how on earth did you arrive at all this?" asked the ponderous German, as quickly as he could speak, in keeping with his phlegmatic nature.

"Well, I'm not yet sure of all the points. But the explanation will do in

Brace Up an' Grin

If this whirligig world gets on your nerves
And your brain seems all on fire,
If your best beau-lover's gone to France
And life holds naught you most desire;
Forget you were a clinging vine,
We're in the war to win,
And the wisest thing for you to do
Is just brace up an' grin.

If a damning sense of desolation
Descends upon you now and then,
And your heart is heavy, bleeding,
For the safety of our men;
Just ply your needles faster,
We're in this war to win,
And the wisest thing that you can do
Is just brace up an' grin.

—FLORENCE MICKEY *in Chicago Herald.*

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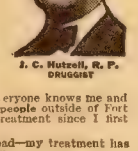

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the main. I discovered at different places a few blood-tracks and the rags in which Jock had wiped his feet. You see, the whole thing hinged on the fact that I found Jock's toes in the dead crocodile's jaws; the black skin made me sure of Jock. So I just hunted around and stumbled on the clews I have mentioned. It was quite easy with the souvenir Jock's foot had left. I think we'll find that he's been taken to the hospital, and if he lives he'll probably corroborate my rough sketch of the facts. I've known a good many black men who become very much attached to a pet of some sort. Your head keeper said Babo was bought from a native and that set me to thinking. Anyway, you have Babo back. I paid the man who rowed me for his silence and the sailors at Frau Klittenlein's are too fearful of the law to say what they imagined to be in that little room."

By this time they had arrived at the hospital, and, as Poe expected, found Jock, who had just been brought in by the sailors.

Poe and the member of the Haggerup firm sat with the black fellow until he became unconscious. Then Poe easily possessed himself of all the facts. His story sketch had been correct in all essentials. Poor Jock sobbed pitifully for his pet, and explained how he had caught Babo when young, with his own hands, and had only been led to part with him to the seaport trader owing to his own dissolute life of drunkenness and petty criminality, which always found him in dire need of money.

After he had awakened from the spree celebrated on the proceeds of Babo's sale he was lonesome. No human being could satisfy his longing. He wanted Babo back, so he shipped to Hamburg, being an universal wharf rat, sailor and petty thief, acquainted with the whole world. Arriving almost as soon as Babo, he located the Haggerup warehouse and hung around waiting for some chance to steal back his pet. At last he grew desperate, and when chance threw the opportunity in the shape of the plate-glass fish-tank in his way, he seized upon it, worked out the details with the craft of a blood-careless savage and carried the plan to its frightful finish, blind to everything but his own great need.

* * *

The Dark Outlook.

"THERE go Hammers and Binger and they are passing each other without speaking," remarked the second chair barber. "I hope it ain't serious. These neighborhood quarrels cost people money. If Binger keeps away from this shop because he doesn't want to meet Hammers, or if it is the other way around, we lose.

"Then the next step will be that Binger's friends will go to the shop where Binger goes and Hammers' crowd will follow Hammers to another parlor, or let their whiskers go uncultivated rather than meet the Binger bunch.

"Hammers and Binger are prominent citizens in this town. If the coolness they are displaying develops into regular ice this town will rock on its foundations. Binger knows everybody here by his first name—and so does Hammers. Hammers has done favors for every man, woman and child within the jail limits. So has Binger.

"It wouldn't surprise me if the Binger bunch should decide to move out of this burg, bag and baggage, and never come back or write. Or the Hammers clique might decide to move out on the prairie and start an entirely new municipality where a Bingerite, or the son of a Bingerite, would be forever barred.

"If both factions stay in town and conduct their dignified hostilities the results may be more awesome. Suppose, for instance, that no Binger follower will be seen in a moving picture theater where a Hammers goes. We have exactly one film palace in this suburb and it will mean that half the town will have to go without photoplays, or be put to the expense of building another house. Can we support two movie shows here? We can't!

"Our peaceful little park where we have all gathered for our basket picnics and other summer amusements, may become a regular battle ground if things go too far. It isn't reasonable to believe that Binger and Hammers would sit on the same grass and under the same trees.

"The more I think about it the blacker the prospect gets. It's terrible. We need a Hague tribunal right here.

"They may not use the same streets to promenade in at the same time, or drink from the same city water supply. If a Hammers young man should fall in love with a Binger girl we may have a regular love feud like in 'Romeo and Juliet,' I tell you——"

At this moment the lugubrious second chair barber glanced out of the window, saw Hammers trying to crank Binger's little automobile and knew that the peace of the town was safe.

* * *

Perils in Genius.

"PUT an ad in the paper for an office boy," said the manager, swinging around in his chair and facing the stenographer.

"Are you going to have two?" inquired the stenographer. "Or is Benny going on a vacation?"

"Benny is going away," said the manager with emphasis, "and I hope he keeps on going. I know I shall assist him in putting distance between this office and himself."

"Why, Mr. Barlin," said the stenographer, "what's the matter with Benny? I didn't think there was a better office boy in this building. He knew so much about everything."

"Too much, you mean, don't you? Benny is a genius, and a genius has no place in business machinery. Benny may know up and be something wonderful—I'm sure he will—but I'm letting him out for his own good. I feel that his sphere is limited in this establishment, and it would be a shame to keep him tied down.

"That boy will be an Edison, I'm positive. He's following Edison's footsteps closely. You know, when Edison was a boy he secured a position as candy butcher on a train. In his off moments from butchering he conducted experiments in chemistry or something in a dark part of the car. Well, he set the car on fire one day and cost the railroad company several dollars' expense. He was asked to hand in his resignation immediately, if not sooner. The soulless corporation couldn't see the thing at all.

"Yesterday Benny worked out a new system for adding machines and tried it out on mine. It necessitated taking the affair apart and interchanging the wheels, levers and everything on it. When I made up my account the results showed that I was facing a thousand dollar deficit.

"One day last week he invented a zibophone, as he called it, for our telephone. It was a cardboard megaphone contrivance to attach to the receiver and magnify the sound of the speaker's voice at the other end so that it could be heard above any din. I'll admit I thought it was a wonderful invention. I could hear everything over the wire from the other side of the room without leaving my desk.

"But! The next day I had an office full of people on whom I was trying to make an impression for business stability. I was telling them that my concern was built on a solid basis, hard as concrete, when the phone rang. It was my tailor. Before I could yank that darned zibophone off the receiver every one sitting around the office heard the gentleman berate me for not paying something on the spring suits I ordered.

"Modern inventions are all right—but sometimes they can be too up to date. It's the same way with office boys."

* * *

The American Girl's Good-by

There's a lump in my throat and a catch in my voice,
And gone are my spirits gay,
And deep in my heart an ache abides
For Johnny-Who's-Going-Away.

Oh, the fates will be kind, and soon he'll return
And we'll smile in the same old way,
But 'tis tears and not smiles that clamor just now
For Johnny-Who's-Going-Away.

The sun may keep shining altho he is gone
And the same old moon-beams play,
But what are the sun and the moon to me
Without Johnny-Who's-Going-Away?

There's a place in his arms where myself just fits,
And I snuggle my griefs to bay,
And a gleam in the eyes and a peace in the lips
Of Johnny-Who's-Going-Away.

Yet tho there be no one now to cheer and to kiss
And cold are the distances gray,
Sure, 'tis not with a sigh and a sob that I'll part
From Johnny-Who's-Going-Away.

With head held high and a wish in my eyes
I'll smile him good-by today;
For love is a beacon, and we have love,
Oh, Johnny-Who's-Going-Away.

—PAULINE NICHTHAUSER *in Manchester Union.*

Unexpected Chivalry.

IT WAS the evening rush hour on an uptown subway and good manners were at their lowest ebb. A fresh surge of humanity brought in a fluffy-haired girl and a tall young man in khaki who bore all the visible and invisible signs of the newly commissioned officer at home on a brief holiday.

Some one dragged himself out of his narrow place with a kind of mental groan, and the girl thanked him prettily as she sank into the seat. The soldier acknowledged his gratitude also.

Then an anaemic-looking little man, who might have been a cutler or shirt-waist maker and was certainly some sort of a weary indoor worker, got out of his seat next the girl without warning and waved the little man in khaki into his place.

"Why, I can't take your seat!" protested the new officer, with a nice, boyish, unofficial blush. "Why should you do such a thing for me?"

"Tain't for you," the other said, ungraciously. "It's for the lady. Maybe she won't have so much time to talk to you. Maybe she don't like to waste a minute. Sit down," and he reached for a strap with sublime unconsciousness of his own chivalry.

* * *

They Must Have Been Small.

FINLEY PETER DUNNE, creator of Mr. Dooley, was dining with a friend at a New York restaurant. Ricebirds were served. The tiny cadavers, picked and lean, were brought in upon large slices of toast.

"Poor little things!" said the host. "Seems a shame to kill 'em—don't it? How do you suppose they ever murder enough ricebirds to make a mess?"

Dunne turned over an infinitesimal specimen with his fork.

"I don't know," he said, "unless they use insect powder."

* * *

Good Day for Ducks.

A NATURE student one rainy morning was picking his way thru a thicket in a park.

"What are you doing?" asked the curious one.

"Just looking for birds."

"Is it a good day for birds?"

With a significant glance at his dripping trousers and shoes, the nature student replied:

"I should think so; it's a great day for anything that can keep its feet out of the grass."

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Outfits as Usual.

"I THOUGHT," said the mother of the family, "that I told you to get a new suit of clothes."

"You did, my dear," said the father of the family. "Also you urged and insisted."

"And why didn't you do it?"

"I did, and this is it."

"Isn't that the same old suit you've had all the time?"

"This one isn't as good as the old one," interjected the daughter of the family. "Nothing like as good!"

"I believe you are right," admitted the father, taking his old suit from the closet and holding it up beside the one he was wearing.

"Why in the world did you buy another gray suit so like your old one?" demanded the mother of the family.

"That question I can't answer," replied the father of the family. "I didn't realize until now that I always buy gray suits, but I suppose I do."

"You have had nothing but gray suits as far back as I can remember," declared the daughter.

"Well," resumed the father. "I like gray best—at least, I suppose I do, or I have just got the habit of buying gray. I naturally look the grays over with the greatest interest and the tailor fixes me up that way. It's such a conservative color!"

"How is anybody going to know you have a new suit when the new one can't be told from the old one?" inquired the mother.

"That's easy," said the daughter of the family. "People can tell it's a new suit because it isn't as good as the old one you've been wearing."

"Maybe I can dig up an old, old one that will be better than any of 'em and look like something very classy indeed?" suggested the father brightly.

"No," maintained the daughter, "it would look too expensive. It would be utterly lacking in the hooverishness so necessary to the right appearance these days."

"Is there any way of breaking away from grays?" demanded the mother.

"Why," retorted the father, "don't you suppose I could sally forth and buy a red suit if I wanted to?"

"I might telephone the tailor that you would be there at a certain time and that he was to give you a red suit and a red suit only, regardless of anything you might say," suggested the mother.

"There would be some slip to about it, I'm sure," said the pessimistic daughter, "and dad would come home at supper time smiling and satisfied and incased in the usual gray."

"I supposed so," moaned the mother. "Insurmountable obstacles like that always affect the mothers of families very deeply."

Romance Lives.

"THERE is nothing romantic in the show business any more," lamented the comedy acrobat. "The moving pictures did it. What's romantic about a can of celluloid? What's romantic about a screen hanging in a jitney palace? Nothing, my friends."

"Nothing!" echoed the elderly thespian whose offering on the program was called "Bits of the Past." "Romance and the stage have been divorced. When I was in my prime the stage held its own. Then a regular actor was the man of the hour. To know an actor was considered something to be proud of. One time when I played in Kokomo I was presented with the key to the city, with all the ceremonies that go with such a rite. [——"

"Ah, Mr. McNibbs," spoke up the little ingenue, "the stage today is loaded with romance. Why, my press agent told me this morning that he got a letter from somewhere in Idaho saying that a wealthy ranch owner had seen my picture that came in some papers packed around a mail order and he fell in love with it."

"There's romance, all right," ventured the girl who was playing in a comedy sketch. "Just suppose that that there wealthy ranch owner marries Claudia here and she goes out to the Golden West in Iowa or Idaho or some such place and lives happily ever after?

"Look at my own case, Mr. McNibbs," continued the girl of the comedy sketch. "Did you ever see any couple in vaudeville get along like my husband and I do? Can you imagine that a mutual friend introduced us just last year, and in all that married life we've never had a cross word? The moment he saw me he knew he cared for me, because he always said his ideal would be a beautiful actress.

"Then there is the romance of Artie Singleton and Gladys La Twinkle, the dancer. Gladys and Artie were childhood sweethearts in their home town until Artie's people moved away when he was very young and took him with them. Never again did they see each other until last week. Artie was sitting in a box at the theater when who should dance out but Gladys!

"The people in the house saw him grab his hat and coat and hurry out. They thought it must be to catch a train. But it wasn't. It was back stage to catch Gladys. The wedding will occur Saturday evening after the show and we are all invited to the wedding supper."

"A wedding supper," did you say?" queried the elderly thespian. "Fine! A hearty repast will help."

* * *

Two-wheeler.

"They tell me Jones has a runabout."

"Yes; he's just got married, and she belongs to five clubs."

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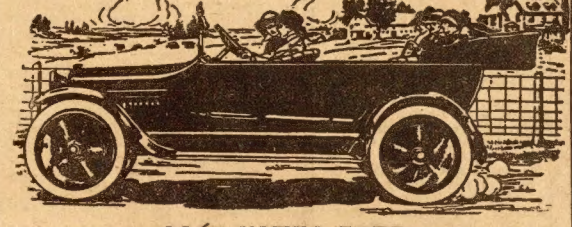
A fine new five-passenger touring car will be given away absolutely free to some one who acts right away. Wouldn't you be happy and proud to own this fine automobile? Think of the fun you can have taking your friends out riding. And how all your relatives would enjoy the car. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls all over the country are winning automobiles, etc. They win by starting early. As soon as they see the advertisement and puzzle they go to work and solve it and so get a great big start in the contest.

You can win this automobile in addition to splendid prizes such as watches, cameras and other things you like. Write us today sending your solution to the picture puzzle, with the faces marked, with four cents in stamps to help pay the postage and mailing expenses of the present you have won.



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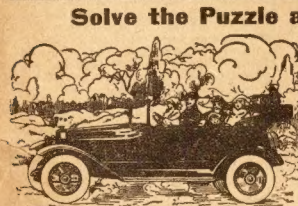


This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by close search and by twisting and turning the picture around, they will be revealed to you. Can you find them?

YOU WILL WIN A PRIZE

if you do; try it, don't give up. It will pay you. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us. When your answer is received we will send you a prize which we know you will appreciate, and it will be a big surprise to you. We will also make you a present of 2,000 Auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid automobile, touring car or roadster, which we are going to give away. We will give away many other prizes for just a little effort.

2000 VOTES FREE

To test your quickness and to give you a good head start we are printing the auto prize puzzle picture shown to the left. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun to find. Solve the puzzle, mark the faces, fill out the coupon and send it all to us with four cents in stamps to help pay the cost of mailing the special prize we will send you. We will also make you a present of 2,000 free auto votes and tell you all about this splendid five-passenger touring car. We are also going to give away many other prizes.

OTHER REWARDS TO ALL

This is the easiest and most liberal contest ever announced. It is so arranged that every one who takes part in the contest will be richly rewarded for everything, little or big, that one does. Remember you get the extra rewards right away. There is no waiting. You get splendid prizes and cash rewards without delay.

Up here in our big building we have boxes and boxes of golden treasures that are yours almost for the asking. We will give away hundreds of bicycles, phonographs, watches, flashlights, sets of dishes and many other presents too numerous to mention. Our plan is so simple that it seems more like a dream than a reality. Everybody gets a prize. We are a big company and delight in giving away valuable premiums to advertise our great weekly papers. Get your share of these presents. Solve the puzzle and mail the coupon now, before you turn this page. Get in on this grand prize distribution.

DON'T WAIT—MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

We want to impress on you that it is very necessary to start at once. We are determined to give this automobile to some one free and it might as well be you. Don't delay another minute. Find at least four of the partly hidden faces on the puzzle picture, mark each with a cross (X), fill out the coupon, cut out the picture and coupon and mail them to us with four cents to help pay the cost of mailing expenses for the fine prize which we will send you for solving the puzzle. We will also give you 2,000 free votes toward winning this auto. There are no losers. You get prizes for everything you do—many of them. We will help you win this auto if you are quick. Mail the coupon right away. Address

W. D. Boyce Company, Auto Contest Manager, Dept. C
500-514 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: I have marked the four faces on the picture puzzle which I am sending you, together with four cents in stamps to help pay the postage and mailing expenses of the prize you have for me. Please tell me how I can become the owner of this five-passenger touring car delivered to me absolutely free. Also send me my certificate of entry and 2,000 free votes toward winning it. Let me know also how to earn cash commissions and the many splendid prizes you have for me.

My name is.....

P. O., R. F. D., Box No., or St. No.....

Town..... State.....

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

MAKE YOUR HOME PRETTY

IS YOUR home or porch equipped with attractive, comfortable sofa pillows? The Ledger's sofa pillows will beautify your home. They are a prize for any one with an eye for beauty, for one will do more to brighten up the parlor than an armful of pictures. This design is especially appropriate now, when so many sons and husbands are leaving their homes to defend their loved ones. They will always be thinking of their homes, no matter how humble or palatial they may be.

The illustration does not begin to give you an adequate idea of the beautiful design of these pillow tops, for they are of the most gorgeous colors imaginable.

Everything but the Feathers

This pillow outfit includes a pillow top of the very highest grade of ten colors, and measures 20"x20". The design is in five colors, and enough mercerized floss is furnished to work out the design to the best effect. A pillow-back of the same material is supplied, and to make the outfit complete we are giving a package of needles.

How to Get It Free!

The complete outfit, including pillow top and back, 6 skeins of mercerized floss and a package of embroidery needles, will be given FREE to any one sending $1.50 to the address below, for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger, either new or renewal.

Fill out the coupon and send it in with your money order, and your complete outfit will be sent. We guarantee that you will be more than delighted.

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

—— —COUPON— —— ——

(Fill out and inclose with $1.50 for year's subscription to Chicago Ledger and get the pillow outfit FREE.)

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Gentlemen: Inclosed please find $1.50 for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger (52 issues). This is

a _____ subscription.
(new or renewal)

Please send me free of all charges a pillow top, back and outfit.

Name .....

St. No., P. O. or R. F. D. .....

Town .....

Box No..... State.....

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
si cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Si cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2d ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

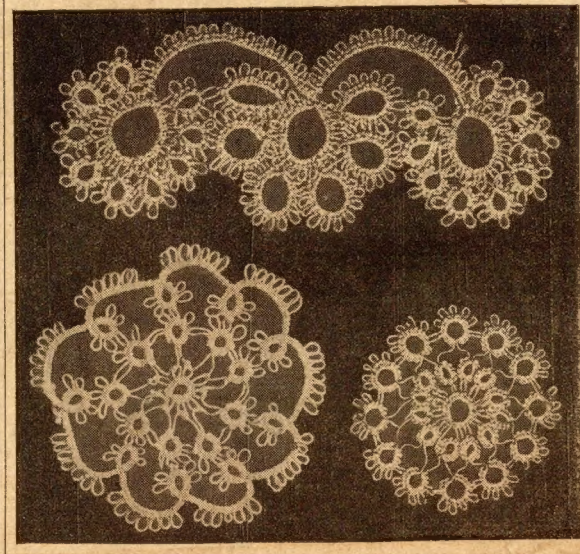
Do tr cr, same as tr cr, only thread 3 times over hook.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts, together form 1 gr.

Tatting Lace and Medallions



No. 2 Medallion.

No. 1 Medallion.

THE popularity of tatting as trimming is increasing daily. The fascination of speeding the shuttle up and down grows on the worker, and the more one uses it the greater the desire to continue doing so. Many are the dainty laces, and various are the uses to which they can be put. The handy girl can trim her lingerie, her dresser, bedding, and besides make many small but pleasing gifts at very little cost. Often one spool of thread will make two or more yards of lace.

The size of the thread used varies with the use for which the lace is intended. For edging handkerchiefs, doilies, collar and cuff sets and many other dainties, use No. 70 or finer. For dresser scarfs, fancy linens, etc., No. 30 to No. 50 are the best sizes. For trimming bedding, bath towels, table covers and all the heavier materials, Nos. 8 to 20 make substantial edges.

The stitches are the same for any size thread.

For No. 1 Medallion—R, * 2 d s, 1 lo p, repeat * until you have 12 p, close, forming the center loop; r, 5 d s, join to lo p, 5 d s, close, forming small loop; leave a length of thread, r, 3 d s, * 1 p, 2 d s, repeat * until you have 6 p, 3 d s, close, forming a large loop; leave the same length of thread as before, r, 5 d s, join to the next lo p, 5 d s, close; leave the same length of thread, r, 3 d s, join to first p of next large loop, * 2 d s, 1 p, repeat * until you have 5 p, 3 d s, close; continue until you have made 12 large and 12 small loops, completing the medallion.

For No. 2 Medallion—R, * 2 d s, 1 p, repeat * until you have 9 p, close, forming the center loop; leave a length of thread, r, 3 d s, * 1 p, 2 d s, repeat * until you have 5 p, 3 d s, close; leave the same length of thread as before, 1 d s into p of center loop, leave a length of thread, r, 3 d s, join to p of first loop, * 2 d s, 1 p, repeat * until you have 4 p, 3 d s, close; continue until you have 9 loops, break thread.

Start the outer edge, * r, 3 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, join to center p of first loop, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close; ch, 4 d s, ** 1 lo p, 2 d s, repeat ** until you have 7 lo p, 4 d s, repeat *, continue for 9 loops and 9 ch, completing medallion.

For the lace, r, * 2 d s, 1 lo p, repeat * until you have 18 p, close, forming center loop; allow a length of thread about the same length as a lo p, r, * 2 d s, 1 p, repeat * until you have 5 p, 2 d s, close, join to first lo p; leave length of thread, r, 2 d s, join to p of first loop, * 2 d s, 1 p, repeat * until you have 4 p, 2 d s, close; skip 1 lo p, and join to the next one, continue until you have 9 small loops, forming the first scallop; ch, 3 d s, * 1 p, 2 d s, repeat * until you have 18 p, 3 d s, r, * 2 d s, 1 p, repeat * until you have 6 p, 2 d s, join to the center p of loop of first scallop, * 2 d s, 1 p, repeat * until you have 6 p, 2 d s, close; skip 2 p of center loop, join to the next p, r, * 2 d s, join to p of loop just finished, repeat * for 3 p, * d s, 1 p, repeat * for 3 p, 2 d s, join to second loop of first scallop, * 2 d s, 1 p, repeat * until you have 6 p, 2 d s, close; skip 2 p of center loop, join to the next p, * r, join the first 2 p, ** 2 d s, 1 p, repeat * until you have 11 p, 2 d s, close; repeat * until you have 4 loops, making 6 loops in all and completing this scallop; ch 3 d s, * 1 p, 2 d s, repeat * until you have 18 p, 3 d s, close. Continue for the length required.

Taking Tangles From Yarn.

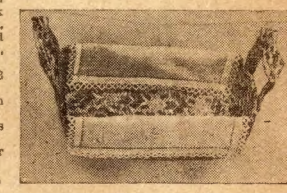
HAVE you had trouble in winding your knitting yarn? Then improvise a "hanking machine." It is simply a substantial pole firmly fixed to a standard. One end must be free to receive the skein. Throw the "hank" over this rod or pole, pass your forearms thru the other end of the skein—as you would run both hands thru your muff if you could—and revolve them and the yarn rapidly. This straightens the strands and admits the air to yarn which has become matted in packing.

Indian Bead Fringe.

INDIAN bead fringe has been advanced by Paris and exploited by America. Strange to say, the two countries brought out half a dozen features of dress at the same time, and fringe is one of them. It is made of colored wooden beads and hangs in panels over evening skirts or is from six to twenty inches deep at ends of girdles or dropping from middle of waist, back and front. Red and black beads, blue and yellow beads and green and gray beads are used.

Dainty Gifts.

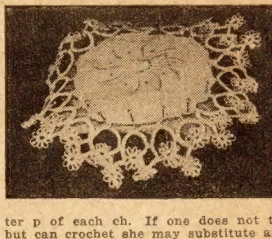
THIS dainty basket is of fine raffia of two colors. It is woven by hand in fancy design in the shape of a cradle with high handles at each end and is unique in style. One who is not an



adept at the art of basket making need not despair, for she can purchase a variety of unusually pretty colored and shaped baskets at very reasonable prices. This basket is decorated with two squares of fine linen, having narrow hemstitched hems and edged with fine tatting. Use No. 70 mercerized tatting cotton; r, * 3 d s, 1 p, repeat * until you have 3 p, 3 d s, close, r, 3 d s, join to last p of first loop and continue. Dainty sprays of eyelet and French embroidery are scattered along the side above the hem. These linen pieces are tacked over the sides and can easily be removed and laundered. This is a handy catchall for the dresser. It will prove a very welcome gift for an invalid or for an elderly person, while it will not be scorned by the young, in short will be appreciated as a thoughtful remembrance.

Pin Cushion.

THE dainty pin cushion is a novel idea, as it is a high square cushion with a round cover. For the cushion cut 5 pieces of cardboard; the one piece for the base is 2 inches square, the sides are each 2 inches at base, 2¾ inches at the top, and 2 inches high. Cover one side of each piece with any dainty shade of silk or ribbon desired and whip the pieces together to form a box shape. Fill with cotton and sachet powder, rounding up the top, then cover with soft silk to match. The white linen cover is placed over the top and held there by a row of pins. If desired the large headed pins of different colors can be used. The linen is decorated with a small conventional design worked with 6-strand white embroidery cotton. French embroidery and small eyelets are used. For the tatting use No. 70 mercerized tatting cotton. For this pattern both shuttle and spool threads are used. R, * 2 d s, 1 lo p, repeat until you have 9 p, 2 d s, close, ch, 4 d s, 1 p, 7 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, join to 5th lo p of first loop, ch, 4 d s, r, * 2 d s, 1 lo p, repeat * until you have 9 p, 2 d s, close, ch, 4 d s, repeat from start. Make the length required and join to first loop. Sew to the linen by the cen-



ter p of each ch. If one does not tat but can crochet she may substitute any number of simple patterns for this edge. And for the wife and mother who finds her time limited, she may use either cluny or val lace for a dainty finish and still have an acceptable gift. This cover is easily removed and laundered and replaced, making the cushion as clean and attractive as when new. Every worker knows that she will have use for each little corner of linen she may have. Pin cushion covers of various sizes, shapes and styles are always acceptable gifts, if the covers can be easily detached and cleaned.

No Millennium Yet.

"THIS war against German autocracy is a righteous war," said a war essayist, "but they who think it is the last war—they who call it the war that will end war—are more hopeful than I dare to be.

"A war to end war! A drunk to end drunkenness! It reminds me of the man who said:

"'Well, I've got that antinoise campaign of mine started in great shape. We parade Saturday night with a steam calliope and three brass bands.'"

Suffragette.

LITTLE BROTHER—"We'll play we're married, and you say you'll obey me."

Little Sister—"Can that caveman stuff! I'm a voter.—Judge.

A Marathoner.

Flatbush—"Got a mortagage on your place?"

Bensonhurt—"Oh, yes, a Marathon mortgage."

Flatbush—"What's a Marathon mortgage, pray?"

Bensonhurt—"One that runs twenty-five years."

Outwitted.

Pat had been to an English fair and sold some cattle, with the result that he had a wallet containing over £200 in his breast pocket. A well-known thief, getting to know this, insisted on taking him in tow even to the extent of sharing the room where Pat lodged. "He got up before me in the mornin'," explained Pat in relating the occurrence, "and slipped away with my coat instead of his own."

"And is your money gone?" asked a friend.

"Not a penny of it," replied Pat. "Sure, didn't I slip it all into his coat pocket before I went to bed that night for safety sake?"

No Pet Word.

Mr. Jim Nesbitt, fire warden of Cleveland, met a doleful looking acquaintance with a bandaged head on a street car. He said his wife threw a plate at him when he went home and greeted her merrily with a "Hello Hon."

"She thought," he told Nesbit, "that I said 'Hello Hun.'"

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

If you have hesitated to try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in your way you need delay no longer. Just write a letter to the Classified Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. State fully what you wish to advertise and the amount of money you can devote to it. Copy will at once be submitted for your approval. Rate 30c a word. Not less than 14 words accepted.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY - - - - Publisher

AGENTS WANTED

I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT as my agents and take orders for Kantleak raincoats. I paid Eli Bridge $88.95 for orders taken during his spare time in one week. Cooper made $314 last month. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for $3.98. Four average orders a day gives you $2,600 a year profit and an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B122, Dayton, Ohio.

SEAL-TEX, PERMANENTLY SEALS AND heals auto tube punctures and blowouts, regardless of size. Two minutes' time. One cent cost for nail holes. User cuts size needed. No waste. Year's outfit $1.00 prepaid. Nationally advertised. Agents and solicitors write now for territory. Full time or side line. Seal-Tex Mfg. Co., Chicago.

AGENTS—ADD "MINRO" THE RELIABLE. natural remedy for rheumatism, stomach, liver and kidney trouble and all skin diseases, to your line. Thousands of users. Exclusive territory. Repeat sales make for success. Write at once. Minro Remedy Company, 1578 Yates Street, Denver, Colo.

AGENTS, MEN OR WOMEN. BIGGEST money maker ever offered. Wonderful new Pearl painting entitled "U. S. Star of Liberty." Appeals to every mother. Reasonable price. Exclusive territory. Big profits. Write quick. Culver Art Company, Westerville, Ohio.

$50 WEEKLY AND UP SELLING MEXICAN Diamonds. Exactly resemble genuine; same rainbow fire; stand tests; sell at sight, repeat orders. Write quick for sample case offer free. Mexican Diamond Importing Co., K J Las Cruces, New Mexico.

WE GIVE CREDIT AND PAY FREIGHT ON goods sent reliable men or women agents. Postal brings free sample. Establish big profitable business. Horner Menthol Ointment Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MEN AND WOMEN—YOU CAN MAKE FROM $5.00 to $10.00 profit each day selling Sanitary Brushes for all purposes. All or part time. Puritan Co., Dept. B 1966 Broadway, New York.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPRE- sentative to wear sample hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 502 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

AGENTS—GOOD PROFIT FOR SPARE time selling shirts from manufacturer direct to consumer. Niznem Shirt Co., 1921 Washington Av., New York.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lancashian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

U. S. FLAGS, U. S. SERVICE FLAGS, Buttons, etc. Big demand. Catalog Free. Luttrell Co., 330 River St., Chicago.

HELP WANTED

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS THOUSANDS clerks at Washington, immediately, for war preparatory work. $100 month. Quick increase. Men—women 18 or over. 7 hour day. 30 days' vacation. Easy official work. Common education sufficient. Your country needs you. Help her and live in Washington during these stirring war times. Write immediately for free list, positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. P 27, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN—WOMEN WANTED FOR GOVERN- ment war positions. Thousands needed immediately. Good salaries; permanent employment; liberal vacations; other advantages. We prepare you and you secure a position or we refund your money. Ask for booklet "QL" free to citizens. Washington Civil Service School, 2060 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

MEN—EARN A SWELL, STYLISH, HAND- tailored spring or summer suit and make up to $40.00 weekly as our special representative. Easy, spare-time work; outfit free. Write for big style Book of 1918 fashions with liberal samples and amazing suit offer. Ruby Tailors, Dept. 257, Chicago, Ill.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

BIG DEMAND FOR AUTO CHAUFFEURS, $25 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. P 824, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL, POST OF- fice, rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Get prepared by former Government civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Robert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

DON'T PREPARE FOR ANY CIVIL SERV- ice examination without seeing our catalogue. Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN- necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries; expenses. American Foreign Detective Agency, 176, St. Louis.

MALE HELP—(Continued)

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BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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LADIES WANTED, AND MEN, TOO, TO AD- dress envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms; spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $35 weekly. No capital or experience required. Book, explaining everything, mailed for 10c to cover postage, etc. Ward Publishing House, Tilton, N. H.

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $75.00 to $150.00 per month. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PRE- paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

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DO YOU WANT $2,000 A YEAR INCOME without any work, worry or inconvenience? Then investigate our co-operative fig orchard enterprise. $5 starts you owning a fine magnolia fig orchard and interest in co-operative preserving factory. Best figs grown. Estimated profits from 5 acre orchard $2,325.00 annually, or more. Demand for magnolia figs cannot be supplied on account of the limited area for growing and lack of facilities for preserving. Write for the market. Best investment on earth. Assures you an orchard home in the most fascinating country in the world and an independent income for life. Present offer limited. Our free book tells all. Send for it today. Address, Gulf Coast Fig Orchards Association, 533 Dept. 33, Merchants Bank Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

DON'T INVEST IN OIL UNTIL YOU HAVE read The Texas Investor; gives facts and valuable information about rich Texas gusher oil fields; tells how to invest for big profit and avoid actions; 3 months, Free; with big map proven and prospective fields. C. C. Cannan, Pub., 951 Scanlan Bldg., Houston, Texas.

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OIL AND GAS—FOR A GREAT BIG THING, quick, in oil, write us—we expect to start drilling May 10th. Jackpot Oil Co., Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Small investments making millionaires. Write Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

LAND! LAND! CLOVER, POTATOES, RYE, beans, wheat, oats, alfalfa and fruit are grown on our hardwood lands and are big money makers. Get in while this land is cheap and prices for its products high. 10, 20, 40, 80 or 160 acres for $15 to $30 per acre. Pay a small amount now, a little each month and see how quickly you will be a farmer on a farm of your own. Near markets, schools, churches. Michigan's best counties—Kalkaska, Antrim and Charlevoix. 40,000 acres to choose from. Write for a big free booklet. Swigart Land Co., X1245 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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POOR MAN'S CHANCE: $5.00 MONTHLY buys 40 acres productive land near town, healthy location. Price $200. Other bargains. Box 425 S. Carthage, Mo.

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FREE TREATMENT FOR THE WORST forms of blood disease. Welch Medicine Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

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MILLIONS SPENT ANNUALLY FOR ideas! Hundreds now wanted! Patent yours and profit! Write today for free books —tell how to protect yourself, how to invent, ideas wanted, how we help you sell, etc. 206, Patent Dept., American Industries, Inc., Washington, D. C.

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INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Send postal for free book. Tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—SEND NOW FOR FREE BOOK and blank form that assures immediate protection. A. M. Buck & Co., 42 Second National Bank, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT. ADVICE AND books free. Highest references. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

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$75.00 STARTS YOU INTO THE MOVING picture business with complete guaranteed outfit, machine, screen, film and necessary supplies. Make big money immediately. Details free. Feature Film Exchange, 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn., Dept. E.

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WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 S. Dearborn St., Suite 106, Chicago.

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FORDS CAN BURN HALF COAL OIL, OR cheapest gasoline, using our 1918 Carburetor; 34 miles per gallon guaranteed. Easy starting. Great power increase. Attach it yourself. Big profit selling for us. 30 days' trial. Money back guarantee. Styles to fit any automobile. Air-Friction Carburetor Company, 548 Madison Street, Dayton, Ohio.

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CASH FOR INVENTIONS AND PATENTS. Write Fisher Mfg. Co., 2044 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

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WILL PAY $10.00 TO $750.00 FOR CERTAIN $5.00 gold without motto. We want and offer cash premiums for all rare dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, nickels, cents and paper money. Send 4c now. Get our large coin circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 13, Fort Worth, Texas.

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TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR no pay. $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., TC, Baltimore, Md.

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S. O. S. PULSER APPLIES ELECTRICITY without wires; produces normal circulation in Nature's own way and gives speedy relief. No drugs, nor artificial stimulus—just life giving electricity combined with vibratory massage. Free book "Vital Impulse" explains this wonderful instrument, and contains indorsement of physicians and nurses. Write, Conover Sales Co., A-314½ Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

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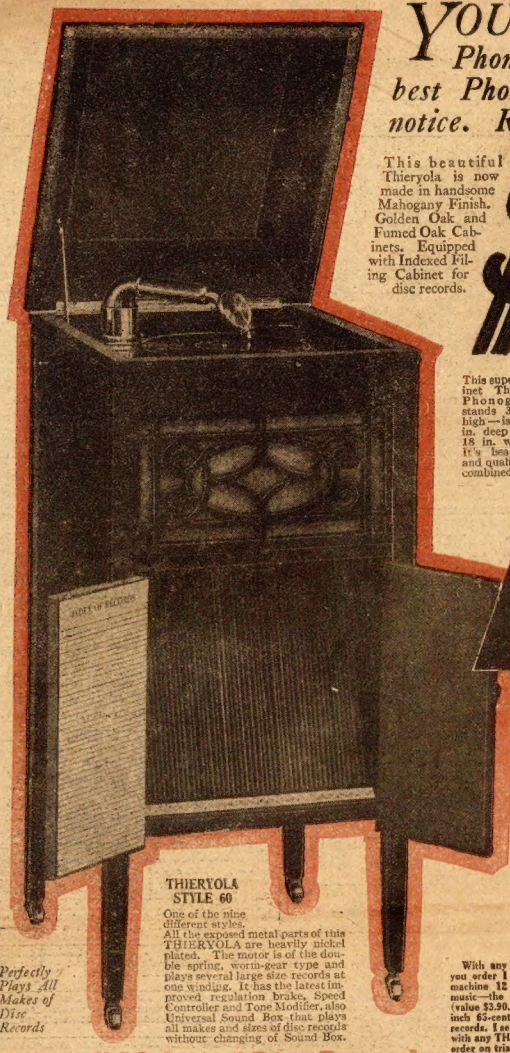

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